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THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

THE death of the Prince whose funeral takes place to-day has been a painful surprise to the country. That his health had always been delicate has been generally known; but constitutional weakness is often no obstacle to a long and useful life. The careful and regular habits which such weakness imposes frequently enable a man to do more and last longer than those who, because robust, are careless in their mode of living. Such weakness, too, passes away in some cases as men approach middle age; and few of the PRINCE's fellow-countrymen had any fears that his career would so soon be cut short. To the QUEEN and to the widowed DUCHESS we join all England in offering our respectful sympathy. The interest which the former has always taken in the welfare of her subjects, and the sympathy which she has shown for the sufferings of the lowliest among them, have won for her a place in their hearts wholly independent of the sincere loyalty which they feel towards the Crown. The bereavement, too, which befell her more than twenty years ago, the peculiar loneliness in which it left her, the revelations of her home life which she has from time to time laid before the world, have given her subjects an interest in her personal feelings which it seldom falls to the lot of sovereigns to gain. On the present sad occasion, as in all her sorrows, their condolence is heartfelt. The DUCHESS, short as her residence has been in England, has won from those who know her a personal regard which will enhance the regret which all must feel at her loss. Of Prince LEOPOLD himself there is but one opinion held by those who knew him either in private or in public life. His knowledge, his intelligence, his interest in great subjects, his love of all that gives grace and charm to human life, his sympathy with the needs and sufferings of the poorest among his fellow-countrymen, are known to all our readers. On these subjects much has been written and spoken during the past week. There is one reflection, however, which the life and the untimely death of the PRINCE especially force on our mind when the first personal tribute to his memory has been paid. This is the great public and political loss which the nation has sustained by his death.

The Duke of ALBANY was, in a remarkable sense, a link between the Throne and the people; and, had he lived, he would doubtless have become so in a greater and greater degree. It is a part of the good fortune of the English, as of the German, Monarchy that the reigning family comprises many members and branches. To this fact it is due, not only that the succession is always provided for, but that, between the Crown and the mass of the people, there are a large number of members intimately related to the former, and sharing, to an extent impossible to the Sovereign, the interests and occupations of the latter. That some members should be professional soldiers, others professional sailors, and that others, like the Duke of ALBANY, should interest themselves actively in literary, artistic, and social questions, enables a Monarchy like our own to keep constant touch of the people. At the present time it is especially fortunate that this should be the case. The changes which have taken place during the present generation, not in England only, but in most European countries, have been all in the direction of democracy; and it is unreasonable to suppose that this movement could have been checked by the will of any individual or small class of individuals. But there is no small difference between a popular movement presided over

by party politicians, and hostile to the main institutions of the country, and one sanctioned by those to whom it is accustomed to look as its natural heads. The old and deep-seated loyalty of the English people, which extends to all classes throughout the country, has remained unshaken by the political changes of the last half-century, and is not likely to be shaken by any changes which may be impending. But the Crown, which wisely remains, as a rule, neutral in the strife of political parties, gains greatly in stability and popularity by the fact that, outside the sphere of politics, members of the Royal Family have assumed an active leadership in all that tends to national progress. The part which Prince LEOPOLD took was marked out for him by the state of his health; but it was none the less useful because it did not assume a professional shape. He had already, before his death, won for himself a place as something much more than a nominal patron of the movements which he befriended. He was able to take a part in them, as intelligent and practical as it was influential. It is here that his loss will be most felt by the general public. The many duties, both public and private, which fall to the lot of Royalty leave, as a rule, but little time for the pursuits in which the enforced leisure of the Duke of ALBANY was so wisely spent. His example, like that of the late PRINCE CONSORT, shows how important a part can be played in this country by those who are near to the Throne, without occupying it. The opportunities of usefulness which a position of this kind affords are such as fall to the lot of few; and it must be admitted that the Duke of ALBANY turned them to the best account. But he had reached an age, at the time of his death, at which men can only begin to be widely useful. Years of preparation are needed to fit a man for such a part. The world waits for repeated proofs of capacity before it gives the able aspirant to honour his due. But it may be said, with truth, that the Duke of ALBANY had already won for himself the reputation, not in a limited circle only but before the general public, of being one of the able men of his time. The part which he might have played in public life, had he attained to fuller years, is matter only for melancholy conjecture. But that a greater part than ever can now be played by those of his gifts and station seems to us clear. It cannot be said that the country is less loyal to the Monarchy now than in any past period of its history; and, at the same time, the whole movement of the nation, political and social, has tended to lower or level the barriers which once existed between the various classes which compose it. Each member of the Royal Family is now more conspicuous before the eyes of the whole nation than could formerly be the case; and the merits of one like the Duke of ALBANY can now find recognition in parts of the country where a century ago little more than the fact of his existence would have been generally known. The maxim *noblesse oblige* was one that guided his conduct; and nowhere more than among the mass of the English people does conduct founded on this maxim meet with due recognition. The jealousy of any kind of social superiority which infects the French populace is foreign to English habits of mind. The Monarchy in itself is not only tolerated, but popular; far more so than any other form of government which could be proposed in its place. It has been popular in the past, even at times when the occupant of the throne has personally found little favour with the people. During the last half-century its position has been greatly strengthened by the happy coincidence that, during the period when the powers of the people have been widely

extended, the crown has been worn by a lady more popular and more admired than any Sovereign who has held it for nearly three centuries. The Monarchy and the people, during a time when many persons, the reverse of alarmist, looked with apprehension on the future, have never been in antagonism to one another; and experience has shown that great political changes may take place, and that power may be transferred from one class to another, without in any way weakening the position of the Crown. Prince LEOPOLD thus found the way open and smooth for a career eminently suited to his tastes and his talents. With distinguished mental gifts admirably trained, with the desire to be useful and influential, and enjoying a popularity due alike to his personal qualities and to the relation in which he stood to the Throne, he would assuredly, had his life been prolonged, have done service to the country such as few can hope to render. In him talent, goodwill, and opportunity met together, and his death is a loss, not only to those nearest to him, but to the English people.

EGYPT.

THE Opposition having, in deference to Lord HARTINGTON'S request, abstained altogether during the earlier part of the week from pressing for information on the subject of the very alarming news from the Soudan, expectation could not but be concentrated on the promised statement of Thursday. The question, moreover, which the leader of the Opposition had arranged was so framed as to facilitate the Government's task to the uttermost. A certain confusion which has been observable in Ministerial ideas needed assistance of the kind; and such assistance could not have been better afforded than by the sevenfold division of the question—a division which adequately represented the desire for information of every one who is really acquainted with the subject and understands the political necessities of the moment. Probably few persons expected a perfectly full and frank disclosure in reply. It could hardly, however, have been anticipated that the impenitent attitude which Mr. GLADSTONE'S and Lord HARTINGTON'S speeches display would be maintained. The calculated bluster of Mr. GLADSTONE'S second speech will not carry off the confession of incompetence contained in his first and in Lord HARTINGTON'S. As to the Soudan in general, as to Egypt in general, the Government still has no policy at all. As to General GORDON (it is incredible, but it is the fact), Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HARTINGTON say that he can come home if he likes and when he likes, and there's an end on't. In these two sentences the practical contents of three long speeches are faithfully summed up. As for Mr. GLADSTONE'S withering and scorching and crushing eloquence, these epithets have been used too frequently and too freely to produce much effect now. It would require eloquence greater than Mr. GLADSTONE'S to disguise the hopeless weakness of a speech which actually blamed Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE for want of patriotism in publishing to the world that situation of General GORDON which columns of the largest type in the most widely-circulated of newspapers have already made matter of universal knowledge. It would require eloquence greater still to conceal the real meaning of the attempt to disparage the truth of information which the Government and the public both know to be authentic. If the precedent of these constant Egyptian debates is, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, inconvenient, it is because the conduct of the Government is intolerable; and, if the discussion of their blunders is bad for the public welfare, how much more is the commission of those blunders!

But the reply to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S patiently postponed inquiries whether at last the Government have hit upon a policy for Egypt, had it been real and not illusory, could not affect the judgment which may and must be passed upon the conduct of the Ministry. For the credit of human nature it may be hoped that the apparent equanimity with which certain of Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters have received the news of the last week has been a feigned equanimity, and, to do the most prominent of them justice, they have for the most part taken the wise course of abstaining from all notice of the subject. The solemn farce of a Franchise Bill which no one wants or believes in, or regards with any interest whatever except as an engine of party purposes, has afforded them cover for the silence; and the national attention has been diverted to the sad fate of the Duke of ALBANY. But these are merely distracting and temporary influences;

they have no real effect upon the situation; the Arabs of the Soudan are entirely insensible to them, and it is upon the Arabs of the Soudan, among other simple and elementary forces, that the course of events depends. Such forces, however, being facts, and the Government having made up its mind to have nothing to do with facts in its Egyptian policy, it ignores them altogether. The inexplicable Souakim expedition, which did not rescue the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokar, for the excellent reason that one had been massacred before it started, and the other had capitulated before it arrived; which did not defend Souakim, because Souakim was not attacked; but which did go forth seeking for adventures, and which did kill and wound from five to ten thousand Arabs, and lose in killed and wounded from four to six hundred Englishmen—according to public announcement accomplished its purpose last week. What it accomplished, except that the sending of it saved Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, no one knows or can say. But that it did not accomplish the pacification of the triangle between Souakim, Berber, and Kassala is quite certain. The natives, it is said quaintly, are "much dissatisfied" at the withdrawal of the troops; and no wonder. For, although the said troops are not quite withdrawn, yet the irrepressible OSMAN DIGNA, oblivious of the fact that by the rules of war and for the convenience of Mr. GLADSTONE he ought to be crushed, has already reappeared and begun to harass the friendly tribes. The entire worthlessness of the purely Egyptian force which it was stated was to open the Berber route has been once more shown—if, indeed, the showing was needed—by the rout of General GORDON'S Egyptians at Khartoum. No doubt a proper force at Souakim can hold Souakim—that could have been done when OSMAN DIGNA'S power was at its strongest by the ships and crews of Sir WILLIAM HEWETT'S squadron. But that every other result, if there is any result, of the expedition will be lost by withdrawal or reduction of the force to a mere garrison, that the English blood spilt might in that case as well have been poured into the sea, is a positive and certain fact. No good effect has been produced in Egypt proper by this spasmodic series of operations, for the Egyptians do not believe that the English have won, and, seeing them return, will be confirmed in the idea that they have lost. No good worth mentioning has been done on the spot, for the road is not open, the garrisons were not rescued, and OSMAN DIGNA'S spirit is not subdued. No good, and worse than no good, has been done at Khartoum, for the tribes whom this action at a distance has failed to overawe can only be encouraged by its sudden, and to their view, as to that of all reasonable men, untimely and futile cessation.

But even the bungling and blundering at Souakim is less surprising than the inaction in reference to General GORDON, culminating in the shocking statements of Thursday. After long silence, repeated despatches have reached England from Khartoum during the past week. It is known that in a sortie from the city the Egyptian troops—partly, no doubt, owing to the treachery of their leaders, but more owing to their hopeless incapacity for fighting—were put to flight by a mere handful of Arab cavalry and camelry, and were then pursued and sabred at leisure, exactly after the fashion of the first battle of Teb, and not improbably after the fashion of the battle of Kashgil. The only Englishman in Khartoum whose tongue is not tied by official reticence sends repeated declarations of the necessity (and the expectation on the part of General GORDON) of English help. He is "daily expecting English troops"; he "evidently believes English troops are on their way"; the "only hope" of the town "is in English troops." And there are no English troops on their way, and the Government is entirely careless of General GORDON (who can, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S very words, "withdraw when he thinks proper"), and Radical journalists write columns on columns about a trumpety Franchise Bill, and pass over the situation of Khartoum in silence. It is by no means necessary to have shared the foolish enthusiasm of some persons as to General GORDON'S mission; it is by no means necessary even to have regarded with approval that mission in itself, in order to feel and see the deep damnation which must rest on any Ministry which, after sending out a plenipotentiary, and after deliberately refusing the one method of action which he had to propose as likely to avoid the necessity of supporting him with troops, now refuses or neglects to send those troops. The whole policy of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government appears to be one of "let be"—of curious experimentalizing. They seem to reject the

idea of furnishing General GORDON with the arm of flesh as a sort of unsportsmanlike device calculated to interfere with the interest of his unparalleled undertaking. The time-worn legend of the apoplectic sufferer on the steps of WHITE'S finds itself curiously renewed in this instance. Yet the Government, putting the honour of England out of the question as irrelevant, owes something to General GORDON. Not wicked jibing Tories, but pure-minded Radicals, have said that, whether or not he saved Khartoum, he certainly saved, if only for a time, Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry. It may perhaps be added that as gratitude, especially political gratitude, is for favours to come, their gratitude should certainly lead them to prevent his dying. If Khartoum were to follow Sinkat it might be difficult even for the present majority to vote that the result was not due to the vacillation of the Government. Yet up to the middle of the present week nothing, absolutely nothing, had been done; and nothing, it is now said, is to be done. No troops were on their way, the officers and the money which had been sent were stopped at Assouan, the retirement of General GRAHAM'S expedition to Souakim had left the coast route once more at the mercy of OSMAN DIGNA, the MAHDI had treated General GORDON'S offers of Sultaniship with contempt, the resistance of the up-country garrisons was reported as constantly diminishing, the worthlessness of the Khartoum garrison had been proved to demonstration. But, on the other hand, there was much prospect that Mr. GLADSTONE'S majority would be staunch on the Franchise Bill, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself had good hope of the introduction before Easter of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S scheme for un-Torifying the Corporation of London. Therefore all was well. As for Egypt, it is, on Mr. GLADSTONE'S written authority to the Workmen's Peace Association, "of the greatest importance to remember that the covenants under which this country has been acting in Egypt were not made by the present Government." If this has any meaning at all, it means that the late Government compelled Mr. GLADSTONE to send General GRAHAM wool-gathering to Tameieb, and to summon him home without wool, that it forced Mr. GLADSTONE to make General GORDON Governor-General of the Soudan, and then to refuse him alike permission to settle the country without force and troops to settle it with force. For these are the matters of present importance, and to connect them with Dual Controls, or anything of that sort, is as sensible as to connect them with the original misconduct of EVE. There is much to be said, no doubt, on the whole subject of the relation of England to Egypt. But, in face of General GRAHAM at Souakim, of General GORDON at Khartoum, and of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD clearing the Egyptian prisons without leave asked of KHEDIVE or Minister, the nature of that relation is for the time being unquestionable. England has for the moment taken Egypt as completely under her charge as she has taken any Crown Colony. It is the manner of this taking in charge that is the immediate subject of criticism, and it is safe to say that the series of alternate wilful inaction and blundering action which that manner displays is almost unparalleled in history.

MR. PELL'S RESOLUTION.

FOR the second or third time a Liberal Government has been defeated on the difficult question of readjustment in the incidence of local taxation. Sir MASSEY LOPES carried by a majority of a hundred against Mr. GLADSTONE'S former Administration a motion to the effect that occupiers of real property ought to be relieved of the whole or part of their exclusive burdens. Since that time considerable subventions have been furnished in aid of rates by the transference of certain charges to the Treasury; but, at the same time, the demands on the ratepayer have been augmented, especially by the increase of the charge for elementary education. More than half of the rates is levied in towns; but rural contributors have been more sensitive and more clamorous for relief. Mr. PELL, who proposed and carried the latest Resolution on the subject, more especially represents the landed interest, including the tenant-farmers. Whatever may be the ultimate incidence of local taxation, the agricultural occupier bears the burden of increased rates in the first instance; and he contrasts his own liability with the comparative exemption of neighbours who may perhaps be richer than himself, though the sources of their income are less visible and tangible. Mr. GLADSTONE has sometimes vainly attempted to remove the dissatis-

faction of the farmers by assuring them that the rates were ultimately paid by the landlord, who could, as he assumed, in no case be entitled to favour or to justice. The county members, who in this matter represent the unanimous opinion of their constituents, have nevertheless persisted in their demand; and Mr. PELL has had the satisfaction of proving to the Government that in some instances even the ties of party allegiance are less stringent than the obligation of doing justice to a powerful class. Indignant ratepayers were not satisfied with the answers that subventions are, for some mysterious reason, inexpedient and objectionable.

Many plausible arguments are adduced to show that every district ought, as far as possible, to meet the outlay which attends the management of its own affairs. The abstract term of decentralization is at present constantly used by Liberal politicians; and many questionable common-places illustrate the supposed advantage of municipal experience as a preparation for political activity. Without entering into theoretical refinements, Mr. PELL and his supporters reply that real property pays more than its share of the rates, and that the inequality ought to be removed. If justice can only be done by subventions, they see no reason why State contribution should not be extended. The alternative remedy of taxing personalty has been found impracticable. Stock in trade was made liable to the Poor-rate by the original Act of ELIZABETH, but it has never been actually taxed. A similar exemption of movable property has been created in spite of the plain words of an Act of Parliament in the case of the Land-tax, which was imposed equally on personalty and on real property. The financial reformers who from time to time demand that the tax shall be levied on the present value of land, ought in consistency to discover some method of reaching other forms of wealth. Subventions, as they are called, effect, as far as they extend, the object of approximate equality of burdens. Under the modern financial system every increase in the national expenditure is practically met by the Income-tax. It would be impossible as long as the secrecy of the returns is maintained to appropriate to local purposes a percentage of the Income-tax accruing within the district. A contribution from the public revenue produces the same result.

The discontented ratepayers can scarcely be expected to accept as satisfactory Ministerial assurances that local and general taxation cannot be readjusted until a novel scheme of provincial government has been approved by Parliament and established throughout the country. The farmers, even if they cared for the institution of local parliaments, are perfectly aware that their burdens would not be reduced by any conceivable system of administration. As long as they remain chargeable with expenses which, in their judgment, ought to be borne by the general community they will continue to demand relief. The more sagacious of their number probably foresee that rural municipalities are likely to spend money much more freely than Boards of Guardians, Highway Boards, or magistrates in Quarter Sessions. The modern nostrum of household suffrage as the basis of executive and legislative power tends in all cases to divorce taxation from representation. One of the advocates of the proposed measure lately announced, with much complacency, that it would provide farm-labourers with an education qualifying them afterwards to exercise a judgment in political affairs. Farmers and landlords may be excused for regarding with suspicious dislike the prospect of being taxed by those who will themselves contribute little or nothing to the local revenue. Subventions will be something definite and probably permanent, whether they are given according to existing precedents, or take the shape of an assignment to the local body of the house-tax or some other impost now levied by benefit of the Treasury. It is not difficult to understand the motives which induce Ministers to make pecuniary aid to ratepayers conditional on the newfangled provincial constitution. In this, as in other instances, they are anxious to devise changes which may tend to keep themselves in office; and, as it happens that no part of the community takes any interest in projects of decentralization, the Government invites agitation, and offers its possible promoters a bribe. It is doubtful whether the acceptance of a stone instead of bread would be afterwards rewarded by a subvention; and unless the boon can be reckoned in money, it will excite neither preliminary desire nor subsequent gratitude.

Sir CHARLES DILKE took occasion to explain for the information of the House and the country the ambitious

scheme which is to be introduced when the Franchise Bill and the London Municipal Bill have been passed. The details of the measure were of course not fully stated; but its character may be generally understood. It would seem that rural and urban districts are to be organized on one uniform plan, with an elaborate machinery of District Boards and County Boards, possessing large attributes, which are not yet fully defined. The object and the probable effect of the new constitution will be, as in all other measures promoted by the present Government, to exclude the upper classes of the community from public life. Mr. RATHBONE, indeed, who is not in the habit of talking cant, approved of Sir CHARLES DILKE's plan on the express ground that it would tend to an opposite result. As he justly remarked, it would be a misfortune that the leisurely and wealthy part of the rural community should abstain from taking part in local administration; but, by some strange process of reasoning, he had persuaded himself that popular suffrage would replace in power the very persons whom Sir CHARLES DILKE proposes to deprive of their position and their functions. The country gentlemen in their character of justices form a part of every Board of Guardians, and in Quarter Sessions they levy and expend the part of the county rate which is not appropriated by law. There is no reason to expect that the most competent among them will be elected by household suffrage; nor, indeed, is it likely that they will expose themselves to the annoyance of canvassing for votes. Mr. C. S. READ suggested that two-thirds of the County Board should be nominated by the Boards of Guardians, and that the remaining third should consist of justices chosen by their fellows. Such a body would be preferable to Sir CHARLES DILKE's elected assembly; and the magistrates would, if Mr. READ's plan were accepted, have no excessive power. It is found in practice that ex-officio Guardians are out-voted whenever there is a conflict of interests between owners and occupiers, and also when patronage has to be exercised. It may be admitted that any Board which may be formed must contain an elective element.

Even the fanatical admirers of the supremacy of numbers might hesitate to apply this principle to local taxation and administration. In the great American cities, and especially in New York, the owners of property and the respectable classes from time to time vainly protest against the control over their property which is vested in the lower part of the population, and especially in the Irish. Professing with suspicious persistence their devotion to universal suffrage in State affairs and in the government of the Union, they faintly suggest that those who pay the rates ought to have some voice in determining their amount and application. London may, perhaps, when its local taxation has under the new Municipality been multiplied threefold, sympathize with New York; and in some parts of the country Sir CHARLES DILKE's constitution may have a similar operation. The Government follows at a distance the policy of restless innovation which found its most conspicuous illustration during the early years of the French Revolution. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet renamed the calendar months, or altered weights and measures into a fanciful symmetry under an unfamiliar nomenclature; but he and his colleagues regard with dislike the ancient City dignities, and they are impatient to make counties conform to the model of corporate towns. They refuse relief to classes which complain of unjust taxation until the malcontents can be persuaded to ask for administrative changes which they at present regard with utter indifference. The Ministry have probably by this time discovered that the Ground Game Act and the Agricultural Holdings Act are regarded by the farmers as mere equivalents for the vote which some of them gave at the last General Election. Having now returned to their customary allegiance, they are not to be bought by promises of a Bill for establishing rural municipalities.

Mr. PELL is fully justified in proposing a censure on the Government on account of the refusal to give effect to the Resolution of the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE's answer to his first remonstrance was almost insulting in its transparent sophistry. When the House has resolved that immediate relief ought to be afforded to the ratepayers, it is idle to pretend that the redress of the grievance must be contingent on the progress of business and on the enactment of the County Government Bill. The same issue had been raised in the debate; and the vote of the House implied that the readjustment of local and general taxation ought to precede the measure on local administration. The Ministers are estopped by a factious proceeding of their

own from disputing the conclusive force of a Resolution of the House of Commons. Last year, when an unscrupulous majority had condemned the Contagious Diseases Act, the Government, with full knowledge of the disastrous tendency of their policy, at once suspended the operation of the law. In that case a Resolution of the House was treated as if it had been a repeal of an Act of Parliament. There is no law which prevents the introduction of a Bill to increase the national subvention to the rates. It is perhaps not surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE should refuse to afford facilities for a discussion of his paradoxical conduct. He is probably not anxious to impose on Liberal county members the necessity of choosing between their constituents and their party. For any delay which may affect the business of the House Mr. GLADSTONE is responsible.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.

IF the debate on the Franchise Bill was delayed or shortened by the time bestowed on Thursday upon the really important business of the nation, it can only be said, in a Scotticism familiar to readers of Sir WALTER, that there has been "mair tint" on a good many other occasions. How little there is to be said for the new invasion of the barbarians may be seen, better perhaps than in the debate, in Sir CHARLES DILKE's extra-Parliamentary speech of Wednesday. Sir CHARLES DILKE is a very clever man; and, except when, as in answering Parliamentary questions, it is his business to be stupid, he rarely opens his mouth without saying at least something worth attention. Wednesday was one of the exceptions; and the fact ought in fairness to be charged to the subject, not to the speaker. When a man like Sir CHARLES DILKE can do nothing but fall back on the silly "other side of the street" argument, it is pretty clear that his game is logically speaking hopeless. No one knows better than the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD that this argument is as against his opponents a complete *ignoratio elenchi*. They do not say that the present system, or the system before 1867, or the system before 1832, gives or gave a vote to everybody who ought to have it, and withholds it from everybody who ought not. They do not say that either of these systems is or was free from anomaly. What they say is, that there is no such thing as individual right to the franchise at all; that if the two indiscernibles whose existence LEIBNITZ denied, existed, the enfranchisement of the one would give the other no claim whatever; and that the whole end and object of the electoral system is simply to get a good working representation of the whole nation into St. Stephen's, not to get the whole nation itself boxed up periodically in deal stalls with a pencil and a voting-paper. When Sir CHARLES DILKE, or any one else, meets this argument, it may be admitted that there is something to be said for a Franchise Bill, but not before.

The all-pervading fallacy which has just been noticed was shown, as was to be expected, evidently enough in the debate itself. It may seem strange (if anything could be strange in politics) that a man like Mr. FORSTER should orate and perorate about the "continuation of an injustice" ignoring the previous and really important question whether any injustice exists. It may seem stranger that any one who has good reason to remember the Kilmainham Treaty should be sanguine about the "patriotism of statesmen," and certain that statesmen would not "postpone the public interests to the behests of a small minority." But Mr. FORSTER, like all honest Radicals, without exception, is the slave of a certain number of commonplaces, and hugs his chains. This Radical may discard that commonplace, and that Radical may discard this; but the badge of the whole tribe is the passionate retention of those which are not discarded, and the refusal to let reason, experience, or anything else, interfere with them. Reason shows that the injustice of allowing A. to vote and not allowing B. is a figment of the brain; experience shows that the patriotism of statesmen is the rottenest of all rotten reeds that grow by the muddy river of self-interest. But Mr. FORSTER is quite content to disregard both. The comparison of such a speech as that of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH with such a speech as Mr. FORSTER's brings out with startling clearness the difference between two orders of politicians. Sir MICHAEL, like all reasonable people, is perfectly prepared for a moderate and proportional extension of the franchise so as

to keep up that representation of the whole people which, as has been said above, is the logical cause and end of the franchise system. But also, like all reasonable people who have no private ends to serve, he does not think it necessary to flood the constituencies, instead of refreshing them. The woeful dearth of argument on the Government side could indeed hardly have been better illustrated than by the joy of the Government organs over the speech of Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL. Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL is a professional advocate, and excellent in his profession, and it must go hard with a professional advocate if he cannot find something in the nature of an argument to back his side with. But, if Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL were to produce in Court such an argument as his battle-horse of Monday, it is to be feared that the presiding judge would scarcely feel it necessary to call on Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL's learned friend on the other side for a reply. Mr. RUSSELL has discovered that the present and proposed over-representation of Ireland is quite proportional and reasonable if the metropolis be left out of the question. That is to say, if the capital of England, with four millions or so of inhabitants, be for the sake of argument supposed not to exist, then the rest of England has about enough members. The gratitude which Mr. RUSSELL's friends seem to feel towards him for this remarkable contention may certainly be shared by his foes. Or, again, let the speeches be examined of the member for Stoke and the member for Newcastle, the most extraordinary pair of yoke-fellows that Parliament has recently seen. To Mr. BROADHURST and to Mr. JOHN MORLEY the proposed Reform Bill appears admirable and delightful, because it may possibly result in the disfranchisement of the Universities. It would be a pardonable weakness in Mr. BROADHURST to be jealous of institutions the benefits of which by his misfortune, not his fault, he has not experienced. But, though it is decreed that Universities more than other things shall find foes in their own households, it is somewhat surprising to find Mr. MORLEY in the same tale. Whether these two distinguished Radicals and oddly-conjoined partners are irritated by the accomplishments or by the Toryism of the Universities does not very clearly appear, but it seems, on the whole, to be their opinion that scholarship and Toryism are generally found together. This opinion there is no present occasion to combat; but what is most noteworthy is the ingenuous confession in these, as in most other speeches on the same side, that the Bill is welcome because it will or may swamp one form of political belief. No enemy who wished to expose the purely partisan character of the Bill could do so more effectually than these its defenders. To pass from such utterances to the speech by which Mr. PLUNKET extorted expressions of admiration from the supporters of the Bill is to pass at once from party to patriotism. It is tolerably certain that those who follow Mr. PLUNKET on the other side will pay him the yet higher compliment of omitting to answer his arguments.

No better general review of the weakness of the Government position could be given than was given by Sir ROBERT PEEL in the lively and forcible speech which reminded the House of Commons of days in which it was not thought the chief requisite of a Parliament man that he should speak dully for one side and vote vigorously for the other. But Sir ROBERT, if only from the place he occupied in the order of speakers, could not enforce, as he could have done had he spoken later, one singular consideration which is suggested by the Government orations. Every Government speaker has announced his firm and cheerful intention to vote against Lord JOHN MANNERS's Amendment, which deprecates enfranchisement without a clear understanding of its results in the shape of redistribution. Nearly all Government speakers, except members of the Government and Irish advocates, have taken occasion to express their more or less decided disapproval of the shape which, as foreshadowed by Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, redistribution is to take. That is to say, as is now usual with the partisans of the present Ministry, these gentlemen have argued for Lord JOHN MANNERS and intend to vote against him. Mr. FORSTER, Mr. SELLAR, and Mr. GREY added their voices in this sense to an already respectable number of utterances in the same sense last week. This may, indeed, or rather will have but little influence on the division; but it has all the influence in the world on the argument; and it must immensely strengthen the hands of the Upper House when it comes to deal with the Bill. It is on record that, while the Government is tied to no scheme of redistribution by the present measure, the scheme which its leader has suggested is thought unreasonable, dangerous,

and unjust by its own most disinterested and therefore most important supporters. In such a case it is certainly the duty of those whom it concerns to see that the State takes no damage. It was the habit formerly of kings bankrupt in money to debase the coin, and it seems to be the habit of Ministers bankrupt in reputation to debase the franchise. Against the consequences of this some better security than Mr. FORSTER's patriotism of statesmen and Mr. BROADHURST's unselfishness of artisans may be reasonably asked for.

THE WEDNESDAY JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

WITH a respect for tradition not unworthy of the most important part of the mother of Parliaments, the House of Commons devoted last Wednesday to the Sunday Closing Bill of this Session. There is now no Session without its Sunday Closing Bill. These forerunners of the new slavery predicted by Mr. HERBERT SPENCER are become an established institution. They appear Session after Session, with some differences of detail, but an essential similarity. Sometimes we have the thin end of the wedge in the shape of a local Bill for Durham or Cornwall, and sometimes we have the wedge in its full dimensions. There is little variety in the history of these pious Bills. For some years past it has been their fate to appear, to be argued for and against in exactly the same terms. Mr. STEVENSON's Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sundays Bill—the last as yet of an unfortunate race—is the whole wedge, and has run the usual course. Its proposer recommended it in the usual style. He took for granted that the object was good, and also that it could be obtained, and devoted his speech chiefly to insisting on the one vital fact that a great number of people wished for it. Then he was seconded by Mr. BURT, who repeated the same proposition. Then the stock arguments for and against were produced in due Parliamentary see-saw; and Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT said for the tenth time that the thing should be so because the people wished it—or, rather, wherever the people wished it—and also casually pointed out that the Conservatives were very obstructive, and even rejoiced in their iniquity. Finally, Mr. WARTON—a just man, and tenacious of his proposition—talked the Bill out, amid cries of "Divide!" "Divide!" "That job is done," said the wicked boatswain in Captain MARRYAT's story, when he had completely cut the throat of the last of the French prisoners. That job is done, the House of Commons may have thankfully said on Wednesday, when, having paid its due tribute to what Mr. CARLYLE was in the habit of calling contemporary stupor, it went off hungry to dinner.

By far the most delightful thing about these debates is the use of statistics on both sides. Successive speakers made the most contradictory assertions about the same things, and supported them by figures of equal plausibility. Mr. STEVENSON says that Sunday closing has promoted temperance in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; but he does not think that the fall in the number of arrests is of much account. People can get drunk at home, only he is quite sure they do not. Mr. BURT, for his part, supports the movement because the diminution in charges for drunkenness on the Sunday convinces him that closing the public-houses does make people more temperate. Then comes Lord A. PERCY, and shows, figures in hand, that the number of Scotchmen "run in" for being drunk on the Sabbath increased by six hundred and fifty-four between 1879 and 1882. Who shall decide when these doctors disagree? Yet it does appear to the mere outsider as if it would be perfectly possible to arrive at some sort of decision by a judicious use of statistics which are within the reach of everybody. There is no doubt whatever that the consumption of alcohol has diminished within the last few years. The Chancellor of the Exchequer knows it, and so does the Income-tax payer. Now it must surely be possible, and even easy, for any one who has mastered the first four rules of arithmetic to find out whether the fall in the amount of strong drink consumed has been greatest where Sunday Closing Bills are in force. If it is so, that will not be enough by itself to make such measures acceptable; but the faddists are entitled to make the most of it. If, on the other hand, the increase in sobriety is greatest in England—which is possible—or even pretty equally divided among the three kingdoms—which is most probable—the necessity for Sunday Closing

Bills may be considered as disproved. Nothing, however, would be more rash than to suppose that we should be rid of Sunday Closing Bills because they had been shown to be useless for their avowed purpose. As the column and a half of the *Times* filled with the list of petitions in favour of Mr. STEVENSON'S measure shows, there is a strong feeling in support of this kind of legislation in the country. The value of the petitions is subject to a considerable discount. It is, to use a vulgar phrase, which must be odious to the soul of the temperance party, as easy as drink to secure signatures to petitions. A smart tout can make any number for himself; but even when they are genuine, they do not necessarily mean much. Thousands of workmen who get their pot of beer from the public on Sunday will sign to please the civil-spoken gentleman who asks them, and who may put a job in their way. Then our friend the *bonâ-fide* traveller accounts for a good deal. A Sunday morning trip of four miles or so from London will explain why. There are scores of taverns at about that distance which are the head-quarters of a mob on that day of the week all the year round. Of course the mob drinks and shouts and swears. It has a female camp following which also drinks and shouts and swears, and staggers about with babies in arms very hot and draggletail. All this is an unmixed nuisance to all the neighbourhood except the publican. Moreover, it is by no means peculiar to London, but extends to every considerable town in England. The residents who heartily object to being invaded by a noisy rabble once a week are of course ready to sign petitions in favour of Sunday closing. They never stop to think that the measure which would rid them of these odious intruders would be a serious evil to thousands of honest and sober people.

These Bills are only one of the many forms of a kind of legislation which is terribly common in our time. To punish the many just as an experiment to see whether you cannot amend the few is the sign of an advanced and philanthropical law-maker in this generation. Because some 17,000 brutes become drunk and disorderly on a Sunday, it seems right to a large party now to impose disabilities on three or four millions who neither become drunk nor disorderly. It is the great misfortune of Parliament that it seems to have an ideal slum in Whitechapel before its eyes whenever it is called upon to legislate upon any matter which can be supposed to concern the poor. Members would save themselves from talking a great deal of nonsense, and from occasionally doing a good deal of mischief, if they would take the trouble to learn that slums and dwellers in slums form a small minority. The greater part of London and of other large towns is occupied by the "poor" who are not in rags and who do not pig ten in a room. These people may be wanting in refinement, they sing music-hall songs when they feel merry, and have many habits irritating to the nerves of better educated persons. At the same time they have a standard of respectability of their own. Whatever may be the case in the North, it is a well-known fact that in the South of England these people are drinkers of beer to a considerable, but not immoderate, extent. Mr. STEVENSON'S Bill would impose a disability on the whole of them, because a few black sheep among them ruin themselves by indulgence as it would be equally in their power to do if his proposed measure became law. The details of these Bills are matters of comparatively little importance—if only for the reason that they could never be enforced in London. The really essential thing about them is that they are the most plausible among a host of measures now brought forward which would have the effect, supposing that they could be thoroughly carried out, of putting the weak and cowardly and indolent part of mankind on a level with their superiors. No legislation could possibly lead to a result which is contrary to the laws of nature; but it is quite within the bounds of probability that the attempt may have the effect of hampering the more deserving for the sake of the less. Quite apart from their folly as practical measures, the whole class of faddist Bills are morally detestable.

ITALY AND THE POPE.

THE report that the POPE had communicated to the Emperor of AUSTRIA his intention of leaving Rome appears to have been unfounded; but it is not denied that he referred to the subject in a formal address to the Cardinals. In the printed version of his speech the an-

nouncement is omitted, but the abrupt termination of the document indicates a significant erasure. It is not surprising that the POPE'S equanimity should have been disturbed by a late proceeding of the Italian Parliament. During two or three years which have elapsed since the riotous interference with the removal of the remains of PIUS IX., the chronic antagonism of the two Courts on the opposite banks of the Tiber has not found open expression. It is impossible that, as long as he occupies the Vatican, the POPE should be on friendly terms with the King of ITALY; but in ordinary times they contrive to avoid an open rupture. One singular result of an anomalous arrangement is that Catholic princes are prevented from accepting King HUMBERT'S hospitality. The Crown Prince of GERMANY was able as a Protestant both to visit the KING and to have a ceremonious interview with the POPE; but the anomaly seems to have been excused by the invincible ignorance of heretics. A short time since one of the Bavarian princes, with his wife, who is an Austrian Archduchess, excused themselves from fulfilling an engagement to visit the KING because they had been warned that they would not be afterwards received by the POPE. For the same reason the Emperor of AUSTRIA has down to the present time not returned King HUMBERT'S visit to Vienna. Though LEO XIII. is believed to be a sensible man of the world, he may possibly derive satisfaction from the opportunity of proving that his social authority has survived his territorial sovereignty. On the other hand, his unfriendly demonstrations are from time to time encountered by more serious encroachments and rebuffs.

It appears that ecclesiastical property not absolutely appropriated by the State is, in consequence of modern legislation, invested in the Italian funds. The rule has recently been applied to the property of the Propaganda to the amount of 400,000*l.* The whole amount is in the nature of a trust fund, having been received from the contributions of the faithful, to be applied by the Congregation of the Propaganda to missionary purposes. The Italian Parliament, while it makes no claim to the possession of the capital sum, has, without the sanction of the POPE, converted the whole amount into Italian stock. If the operation was effected at the market price, the Congregation and those who have contributed to the funds in dispute suffer no immediate loss; but the commutation was, as the Parliament well knew, in the highest degree unpalatable to the Church authorities, who are probably not confident in the financial soundness of the Italian Government. They may also regard with reasonable solicitude the right of interference asserted by the State, and the facility with which at some future time funded property might be sequestered or confiscated. The Papal organs contend, with some plausibility, that the Congregation of the Propaganda is a trustee, not for any section of Italian subjects, but for the Catholic community throughout the world. There is a distinction between local endowments and subscriptions for exclusively ecclesiastical purposes. The Italian Parliament itself has hitherto abstained from meddling with the revenue which arises from the collection of Peter's pence. Unfortunately for the POPE, his protest, however reasonable, is useless against an adversary who has absolute control of the subject matter in dispute. The change which has taken place since the Holy See was deprived of its secular authority is forcibly illustrated by its present helplessness. No European Government will intervene on behalf of its Catholic subjects who may be interested in the affairs of the Propaganda. Indignant remonstrances, though they may be conveyed in the choicest ecclesiastical Latin, are useless when they are no longer backed by force.

The Roman Court was never credulous enough to believe Liberals and Protestants when they assured it that the spiritual power would derive fresh vigour from dissociation with temporal government. The POPE has lost more in his spiritual capacity since the occupation of his dominions by Italian troops than in many previous centuries. Much of the authority which he still retains is connected with the shadow of past royalty, which has hitherto been protected by treaties and by the survival of moribund traditions. If it is true that the POPE has thought of seeking another refuge, he will do well to take warning from recent experience. He is still master of the Vatican, and ambassadors are accredited to his Court. If he were unwise enough to leave Rome, he could evidently no longer live in Italy; and as an exile in a foreign country he would be a dependant and almost a private person. Even if it were for his own interest to seek a foreign asylum, he would regret the

great relief which his departure would cause to his rival. The King of ITALY, who is still vexed by a divided supremacy in his own capital, would take care that the door was finally closed against the POPE's return. In his latest allocution, as in many similar declarations issued by himself and his predecessor, LEO XIII. demonstrates with force and pathos the loss which he has suffered by the abolition of his secular sovereignty, or, in the translator's odd version, of his principality. It seems impossible that even a POPE can still persuade himself that it is possible to recover his former dominions.

Any threat of leaving Rome would be addressed to deaf ears; nor would Catholic Governments be anxious to receive an embarrassing guest. The hospitality which LOUIS XIV. extended to JAMES II. at St. Germain's would not now be repeated, even in favour of a dethroned king; and the STUARTS, though they were sometimes troublesome inmates, had no means of interfering in French politics. It is possible that Austria might receive the fugitive Pontiff. His presence would certainly not be welcome in Spain. The Catholic States of Southern Germany are a part of the Empire which is not especially favourable to ecclesiastical pretensions. French territory is of course inaccessible; and consequently on the whole continent of Europe there seems, if the Vatican is abandoned, to be no available residence except Austria. It is probably on this ground that busy newsmongers circulated the rumour of an indirect application to the Court of Vienna. If the proposal had really been made, though it might possibly have been accepted, it would not have been cordially received. There might formerly have been some competition among Catholic potentates for the opportunity of exercising the influence of a protector over Papal policy; but the Holy See has in the present day little means of promoting the interests of any favoured State. The alliance on which Austria principally relies is that of a Power which is essentially, though not exclusively, Protestant. It is not surprising that, on consideration of so many objections to any continental residence, amateur advisers should recommend to the POPE the choice of an insular refuge. It is assumed that the indiscriminate hospitality of the English Government and nation would not be withheld from the most unexpected guest.

If the island were at the disposal of the first comer, it cannot be disputed that Malta offers many attractions. The climate suits Italian constitutions; there are no resident princes to compete in dignity with the Head of the Church; and the native population is devoted to the Roman Catholic faith with primitive and almost pagan devotion. In no part of the world is the priesthood more numerous and more sympathetic with popular prejudice. If the POPE were compelled to leave Rome, and if he were at liberty to choose his residence, he would almost certainly settle at Malta under the protection of the most tolerant of Governments. If the contingency occurs, it may be hoped that no English Government will for a moment entertain any application of the kind. Though Malta is of small extent, it is a military and naval station of the first importance; and the civil and military representatives of the Crown ought to have no rivals in rank or power. It is not impossible that the defensibility of the great fortress might in some cases, and to a certain extent, depend on the loyalty of the population. For many years after the occupation of the island the inhabitants were strongly attached to the English Government; but, in consequence of the mistakes of well-meaning Colonial Ministers, there has since been some alienation. As it was impossible to employ the indigenous Arabic, the use of Italian instead of English was unwisely encouraged, with the result of increasing the influence of the priesthood. At a later time the establishment of an Anglican bishopric offended the clergy so far that they withdrew in great measure from social intercourse with the English officials and residents. If the POPE were resident in Malta, the priests would teach the population to regard him as their sovereign, and to prefer his interests to those of a schismatic Government. Experience has shown that little advantage is to be derived even from the sincere good will of the POPE. The Irish, who have lately complained of his interference in political affairs, would on plausible grounds repudiate his authority if they could represent him as a dependent on English hospitality.

A GOSSIP'S APOLOGY.

NO one, except perhaps Lord LONSDALE, is much to be congratulated on the result of the LONSDALE libel case. Mr. YATES, the editor of the *World*, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and has also received the vials of the wrath of Lord COLERIDGE. No man can enjoy being scolded, and Mr. YATES may remember the negro who objected to preaching and flogging when inflicted simultaneously. The law's delays may do something for Mr. YATES, but his sentence will not put down the kind of journalism which he revived in England. Perhaps editors and ladies of the highest rank (who now write false slanders for a few shillings) will be a little more cautious, that is all. Lord COLERIDGE, again, can scarcely be felicitated on his speech, or lecture, or sermon, or address, or whatever the oration in which he pronounced sentence is to be called. If the eloquent PRESIDENT of the ROYAL ACADEMY had ever been obliged to utter doom on a malefactor in public, he might have spoken more or less in the style of Lord COLERIDGE. He might have remembered to talk about the *Areopagitica* and the free air of England. Happily, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON has only to speak on pleasant occasions, when a little rhetoric and literary flourish are perfectly in keeping. They are not so well in keeping on occasions like that which Lord COLERIDGE has recently "improved."

If neither the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE nor Mr. YATES has been fortunate, what shall we say for the *Pall Mall Gazette*? That journal has been, as Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD says of the modern spirit, "on many thousand lines." It gave up a somewhat acrid Socialism when Mr. GEORGE appeared in England, and started as a kind of society journal, *minus* society. Interviews with archbishops, with pedestrians, with sculptors of accidental notoriety, now adorn its columns. Perhaps, if archbishops and pedestrians like this kind of thing (and they seem to like it), no one has any right to throw stones at the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But a little grain of conscience makes that journal publish "A Plea for Tittle-Tattle." Lord COLERIDGE denounced the love of personalities which gives the *World*, he says, a large circulation, though somehow, the print at the same time only appeals to "a small minority of a privileged class." If curiosity about "attenuated personalities" be a mean miserable passion, then to a mean miserable passion people who publish personalities are catering. The apology is that curiosity about personal details is neither miserable nor mean. This apology is not set forth with much heartiness or consistency. The writer declares that "served him right" is the popular verdict on Mr. YATES, and that the public would like to hear "deep calling unto deep, HENRY to EDMUND" (as Mr. ARNOLD puts it) from adjacent dungeons. Almost the next remark is that "every one must sympathize with Mr. YATES in his solitary cell" (where, by the way, Mr. YATES is not yet). If every one says, "Serve him right," why must every one sympathize with him?

The *Pall Mall's* own defence of its tattle is that neither foolish vanity nor abject curiosity impels people to want to know all about the "heroes of the hour." Is the curiosity abject or not which feeds on the *Pall Mall's* paragraphs as to Mr. LAWES drinking hot soup out of a jug, or concerning Mr. VERHEYDEN and his wife, who very wisely sent "our representative" about his business? Not caring personally whether Mr. WESTON has corns, as the *Pall Mall* cares, or whether Mr. LAWES absorbs soup without using a spoon, we confess that the inquisitiveness which does revel in such details appears to us undignified. We are not mollified even by a sketch of an image of the late Duke of ALBANY's child, "The Royal Orphan." These things are matters of taste, and perhaps need no apology. It is not a sin or a crime to advertise one sculptor, and tell us how another drinks soup. But the action, whatever its ethical value, is not justified by the fact that people talk gossip in society. They do not, at least, talk it to make money. They do not make it a profession to wait on archbishops and plaintiffs and pedestrians. To do so, we repeat, is no crime. To print a sketch of a Royal Orphan is not wicked. But will any one say that it is conduct which at once recommends itself to a man of delicacy? "Delicacy, where have I heard that word!" said the conscience-smitten LEO ADOLESCENS; "it was before I wrote in that infernal paper." LEO did not refer in this profane way to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which in those far-off years published no interviews nor Royal Orphans. And, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that ANSELM would have rejoiced to see its

day, its own conscience ought to be like a sea at rest. Besides, there is always the plea of the man who kept the mongoose, and set it on to torture rats. "The defendant alleged, as an excuse, that he was obliged 'to give the rats to the animal in order to attract customers to his shop.' The *Pall Mall* also is 'obliged to give 'rats to the animal'—to that 'great animal the public'—in order 'to attract customers to its shop.' That is the humour of it.

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.

THIS week's telegrams from the United States report another sign of the undiminished vitality of one of the most typical of American institutions. An attempt to execute Lynch-law on a large scale has been made at Cincinnati. There is nothing particularly new in the story, except the extent of the disturbance. There have been abuses in the administration of justice, and they have produced some popular ill-feeling. Judges, lawyers, and juries have been suspected, more or less plausibly, of not doing their duty. It has become a general belief that criminals who happened to possess money were sure of impunity. We have no means of knowing, at present, how far this opinion is justified by the facts. The miscarriages of justice which are said to have aroused the indignation of the citizens of Cincinnati do not appear very gross when compared with the habitual practice of some European countries. A boy who confessed to having murdered his employer was only condemned for manslaughter, and an equally light sentence was passed on a negro who killed a whole family in order to sell their corpses to the doctors. If these are fair examples of the misdeeds of the Cincinnati law courts, they may be readily acquitted of doing worse than the judges and juries of Italy, Belgium, or France when it is in a humanitarian frame of mind. At the outside they have only been too lenient. Neither do cases of this sort give any evidence of corruption. The precession office-boy and the negro who bettered the instruction of BURKE and HARE can scarcely have been persons in sufficiently affluent circumstances to give bribes. The people of Cincinnati were, however, justly of opinion that they should have been sent to the gallows. Probably there have been greater scandals than these; and at last an exceptionally bad murderer was allowed to escape his proper punishment. Then the patience of the more austere among the citizens came to an end. In the usual American way, they held an indignation meeting and passed resolutions. As a matter of course, this seemed tame to a portion of those present, and they proceeded, also in the usual American way, to lynch the offenders. That, at least, was their intention; but the force of police at the gaol was strong enough to make a fight, though not to suppress the riot at once. Then things followed their natural course. The mob was angered by an opposition which was not sufficiently strong to cow it, and grew very violent. Arms were procured, shots were fired, blood was spilt. The rioters were furious at the severe measures taken against the exercise of a traditional American privilege, and finally Cincinnati had to be occupied by a little army of militia, and two hundred or more persons killed and wounded before order was restored. The police were able to save the imprisoned murderers from murder at the hands of the populace, but Lynch-law was not wholly defeated. In the course of the disturbance the law courts, which were nowise responsible for the alleged miscarriages of justice committed in them, were burnt to the ground, and the interests of the whole community seriously damaged by the destruction of a number of important documents. By this wholesome clearance a heavy expense will be entailed on Cincinnati for the buildings which must be restored, and the offending lawyers will be supplied with abundance of remunerative work for some years to come. Such is the justice of the sovereign people when it sits as mob.

If the people of the United States are inclined to try and make the best of this ugly business, they can find quite enough in it to encourage them. It is certainly better to find a mob rioting in favour of the strict administration of the law rather than for the contrary motive. Then, too, the police, and, with the exception of one regiment, the militia, on whom the task of restoring order mainly fell, did their duty bravely, and were well supported by the law-abiding part of the citizens. Disorder of this sort does far less harm in the long run than the Jew-baiting

which has been going on over half Europe during the last few years. But it is not to be believed that the citizens of the United States have lowered their standard to the level of Russia or Hungary. It will be left to the more unwise sort of their admirers in England to discover that lynching riots are admirable things in themselves. The Americans will be the last people in the world to approve the pretentious twaddle that street riots are "a good sign of the healthy nature of American democracy." Nothing is easier than to lead a crowd of angry men into violence in any part of the world and under any form of government. All that is required is a beginning, which may be a mere matter of accident, and the temporary absence of an armed force too strong to be resisted. Within the last few years we have seen street-fighting in Belgium, Italy, Russia, and at home in Lancashire. It is barely twelve months ago since the inhabitants of Hounslow rehearsed the Cincinnati disturbance on a small scale. What really is a proof of the healthy condition of society in the United States is that disturbances of any serious kind occur so seldom. Much of the country is thinly inhabited and newly settled. There has always been a section in which every man has had to trust mainly to his own courage to defend his life and property. The practice of carrying arms is indulged in to a dangerous extent. Adventurers and refugees from all the world find their way to the States, and yet, in the presence of all these elements and occasions for disorder, the State and Federal Governments are very ill armed. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the peace could not be kept for forty-eight hours in many of the most civilized parts of Europe if the police and the army were as weak as they are in the United States.

The events at Cincinnati are none the less calculated to make the people of the United States reflect seriously on the dangers which are beginning to threaten them. It has hitherto been their accepted principle that the force of their government is due to the spontaneous loyalty of the citizens. They have never found it necessary to supply the authorities with the large armed power which is indispensable in Europe. The prosperity of their country has been so great and so rapid that they have been able to persuade themselves that they would always escape the evils common to other nations. They have been so little governed that they have been able to endure abuses in administration which appear intolerable when they are described. It has long been obvious that this is a condition of things which could not possibly endure. As the country fills up and the cities grow in size, the business of administration becomes complicated to a degree unknown in the early days of the Republic. Already the mass of the citizens who were long content to let what little government they had misbehave at discretion in small matters, because they were well aware of their power to have their own way if they chose to exert it, are beginning to find that this careless good humour cannot be safely shown any longer. The riots at Cincinnati should be sufficient evidence of the folly of allowing abuses to go on unchecked till they become an excuse for disorder, and it ought by this time also to be tolerably plain to everybody in the United States that their Governments are not properly armed to deal with the elements of anarchy now collected in the great cities. The Cincinnati riots would have been stopped at once if the municipal authorities could have disposed of a few hundred armed men on an emergency, for as far as we can judge from the details received up to the present, the disturbance was almost accidental. A dense city population is always capable of becoming a mob, and may be set in action by well-meaning people with the best intentions, but the most fatal results. It is a matter of common experience that the well-meaning people lose their influence as soon as the first shot is fired. With the necessity of arming their Governments the citizens of the United States will find that there is associated the duty of watching the administration vigilantly. The old days of easy tolerance are coming to an end for them, and the present and the next generation will be amply occupied on the work of internal reform. The task will be by no means difficult. The evils to be remedied lie mostly on the surface, and can be removed by the exercise of a little courage, some tact, and a good deal of patience. Neither is there any reason to doubt that the work will be done. In spite of follies and errors in detail, the States have hitherto been governed with remarkable good sense in essentials. Nothing is needed to secure the making of the

necessary reforms except the general conviction of their necessity, and that should be produced by this last demonstration of the existence of dangerous elements in the great cities.

ETHICS OF PLAGIARISM.

THOUGH the Americans are less successful, if not less earnest, than we could wish in their supervision of Irish dynamitards, they have a lively detective force to watch over English errors. Our literary sins are at once found out and proclaimed on the housetop. Not long since an American critic discovered that an English novelist had borrowed a dab of "local colour" from some obscure and forgotten description of the Southern States. A hue-and-cry was raised, as if the unlucky author had stolen a whole plot, or had written a tale and attributed its authorship to some famous man of letters deceased. Now a much more curious example of plagiarism or coincidence has been "smelt out," as the Zulus say, and all the pack of literary beagles is in full cry after Mr. CHARLES READE. The "Master," as he has been enthusiastically styled by a distinguished contemporary, can on all occasions make his hand keep his head. Mr. READE is never slow to descend into the arena of controversy. Often challenged, he pitches his hat into the ring, and follows it with alacrity. Probably he has his sufficient reply. In the meanwhile, the charges urged against him afford material for a very pretty quarrel.

Mr. READE has published, in *Harper's Magazine*, a story of which we confess that we have only read the second number. The tale is called "The Picture." Some one is struck with a portrait, in the house of his uncle, where he is a visitor, and the story of the portrait is told by the Curé. We learn that the painting represents a Mlle. DE GROUCY, daughter of the Marquis DE GROUCY, and that this lady, about the time of the Revolution, married a peasant named FLAUBERT. This *mésalliance* was the result of advanced opinions, and much reading of ROUSSEAU. Naturally the family of Mlle. DE GROUCY cast her off, and the lady lived in the hut of her peasant lord. The peasant annoyed his noble wife by losing his money at cards; she irritated him by scolding; he struck her, and she stabbed him to death. The Curé happened to witness this distressing affair; and "the champion of all those parts lay on his own floor, surrounded by the jugs, and mugs, and plates he had won by conquering the other SAMSONS of the district, felled by a woman's hand, armed with a bare bodkin." A jury was so moved by the patrician dignity of the widow FLAUBERT that she escaped with two years' seclusion in a religious house. Here she saw the error of her ways, but remained, after her release, in obscurity. Finally one CATHERINE, an old woman about the place, died, and the Curé then revealed that the faithful CATHERINE had been the widow FLAUBERT née DE GROUCY. The moral is that young ladies of rank should not read ROUSSEAU, should not marry peasants, and should be very careful with their bodkins.

Perhaps the narrative does not seem very striking or marvellous to the reader. It is not the kind of brilliant idea that an amateur really could not keep his hands off, if he found it in the possession of another. Yet this tale—the series of situations and the characters—has been wandering over the world like some ancient myth, found in the remotest lands. A correspondent of the *Nation* (the New York paper) had read this story in the *Month*, and also in LITTELL's *Living Age*, in 1869. In LITTELL's *Living Age* the story was said to be derived from "the French." A good deal of conjectural ingenuity was displayed in the effort to show that the tale had originally been written by Lady GEORGINA FULLERTON. These suggestions came from the cultured city of Michigan. But Boston is a great deal wiser than Michigan in literary matters. In the *Nation* for March 20 a Bostonian announces that the story in LITTELL's *Living Age* (called "The Portrait in My Uncle's Dining-Room") "is a literal translation from Mlle. de Malepeire, by Mme. REYBAUD" ("Paris, 1856). Next comes to judgment Miss C. J. MARSHALL, in the *Academy*. This lady recognizes in Mr. READE's Mlle. DE GROUCY the Mlle. de Malepeire of Mme. REYBAUD. The tale was also brought out, it seems, in the *St. James's Magazine* for 1867, and has been detected there by an active agent who writes to the *Boston Literary World*. This one story, then, has many names—*Where He Found Her*, *The Portrait in My Uncle's Dining-Room*,

Mlle. de Malepeire, and, if Mr. READE's assailants do not grossly wrong him, *The Picture*.

"All the stories have been told already," according to Mr. HOWELLS, and the fate of this legend certainly suggests that new ideas and new plots are very rare. We must believe them to be so scarce that either great wits naturally jump to and annex the same set of ideas, or that there is a plentiful lack of international literary honesty. The ethics of plagiarism ought not to be very hard to fix. If we might set up as casuists, we would venture to propose three lenient rules which would clear many great men now falsely accused of plagiarism. In the first place, we would permit any great modern artist to recut and to set anew the literary gems of classic times and of the middle ages. Thus VIRGIL had a right to all he conveyed from HOMER and from APOLLONIUS, nor can LUCRETIVS be blamed for his adaptation of the beautiful passage in the *Odyssey* about the homes of the gods. PLAUTUS and TERENCE, in the same way, might blamelessly, as openly, adapt from MENANDER, or THEOCRITUS take the theme of the *Adoniazusæ* from SOPHOCLES. The Roman Comedians did not stamp themselves as plagiarists; they only took, quite consciously, a secondary rank. On this principle the LAUREATE's unnumbered borrowings from VIRGIL, HOMER, DANTE, are all as fair as they are charming. England is richer, the ancients are not poorer, and the scholar wins a double delight in the pleasures of comparison and reminiscence.

Our second rule would be that all authors have an equal right to the stock situations which are the common store of humanity. HOMER was not the first to tell the tale of the Cyclops and of the wiles of CIRCE. The avaricious father, the cunning servant, the spendthrift son, the infants changed at nurse, the hero (rumoured to be drowned) who returns in perfect health, the sprained ankle, the infuriated bull, and so forth—every one may make them his own who cannot think of anything better. No one thinks the worse of *Called Back* because the idea has been used by XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN in *Le Médecin des Folles*, and, to a certain extent, by Lord LYTON in the *Strange Story*. Any man who can make old situations as good as new has a perfect right, like MOLIÈRE, to take his own where he finds it, just as CHARLES DE BERNARD, in *Un Homme Sérieux*, makes us laugh again over an incident used in *L'Ecole des Femmes*. No man has any original copyright in or claim to the common property of humanity. We may find the oldest extant examples of certain dramatic situations in HESIOD or in the *Rig Veda*; but they are far older than these authorities, and have found their way wherever men amuse themselves with romances. Finally, we presume that an author has a right to borrow or buy an idea if he frankly acknowledges the transaction, as THACKERAY did in the case of *The Bedford Row Conspiracy*. Crime begins when an author, or rather an adapter, tries to hide his conveyance of another man's goods, and to claim something more than the merit of a skilled cobbler or translator.

Outside these limits, which seem wide enough, direct plagiarism begins. It may be asked whether a man can plagiarize from himself? SHERIDAN LE FANU, the greatest of purely "sensational" English novelists, repeated in various essays the main idea of *Uncle Silas*. Apparently he was trying to work his notions up to the highest perfection, which in *Uncle Silas* he found at last, to the shuddering delight of his readers. M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY, that fertile novelist, has certainly stolen from his own *Épingle Rose* a *truc* which he uses in his new and thrilling *Margot la Balafrée*. The man who loses his way in Paris, and helps a stranger to carry a chair which is found to contain a dead body, opens the plot in the story of the Restoration as in the story of to-day. To make a mystery hinge on somnambulism is as old as *The Spectre of Tappington*, and who knows how much older? Mr. WILKIE COLLINS employs the *truc* in *The Moonstone*, and M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY in *L'Affaire Matapan*. It is difficult, however, to avoid the suspicion that M. BOISGOBEY ploughed with Mr. JAMES PAYN's heifer in the diving-bell passages of *L'Affaire Matapan* and *Une Affaire Mystérieuse*. Mr. PAYN's *Perfect Treasure*, where the romance of the diving-bell is well worked, is earlier than either of these books by M. DU BOISGOBEY. But the crime would be at best a peccadillo compared with boldly driving off a whole story, plot, characters, and all, out of the French across into the American marches. Mr. READE's novel differs from that of Mme. REYBAUD in details. For example, in both stories come the incidents of letting the husband's soup cool, and

heating his sabots with ashes. But Mr. READE's lady stabs her husband with a bodkin, after he has struck her, while Mme. REYBAUD's girl slays her lord in bed, and therefore, perhaps, is the more deeply stained culprit of the pair. What the explanation of the resemblance may be we shall doubtless learn in good time.

LUNATICS AND THE LAW.

IT would not be of the slightest use to open a formal attack upon the Lunacy Laws, except at a moment when the public happened to be strongly excited by the opportune discovery of some case of gross violation of personal liberty. But the existing state of the law is so bad that no occasion of calling attention to it ought to be altogether passed by, and just now there is such an occasion. There has been a slight revival of interest in the subject owing to the observations of the judge in the WELDON case, and to the appearance of some articles in two evening papers. It is not an interest that promises to have any solid result, but it is only by making the most of these momentary stirrings of the public conscience that things can ever be altered for the better. Nothing can be simpler, one would say, than the principles on which a Lunacy Law ought to be based. There are two dangers to be guarded against, the consignment to an asylum of a man who is sane, and the detention of a man who has become sane; and the arrangements at present in force make no real provision against either of them. Any one may be handed over to the proprietor of a licensed madhouse, on production of an order signed ordinarily perhaps by a near relation or intimate friend, but in case of need by an entire stranger, if only he has seen the alleged lunatic within a month from the date of the order. The defenders of the present law plead that it is necessary to allow the order to be signed by any one under the sun, because without this liberty there would be no way of dealing with urgent cases. A man may go mad when he is away from all his friends, staying perhaps, as Dr. FORBES WINSLOW puts it, at a lodging-house, the landlord of which knows nothing about him. In this event, it is contended, the landlord of the lodging-house is the right person, and the only person, to sign the order. Otherwise time would be lost in hunting up some relation or friend, and murder or suicide might take place before one could be found. The order of admission must be accompanied by two medical certificates, and it might be thought that, since no restrictions have been placed on the issue of the order, some test of qualification, or at the least of official character, would be demanded from the doctor. There is nothing of the kind. No special knowledge of mental disorder is required. Any two doctors will do, so long as they are doctors and have the requisite certificates to show. The only other condition that they must satisfy is that they are not professionally connected with one another or with the proprietor of the asylum to whom the order is addressed. But they may be connected in all manner of ways with the person by whom the order is signed. He may have bribed them to give certificates in which the facts of the case are either exaggerated or invented, and so long as they keep their own counsel he and they are perfectly safe. He was alarmed by symptoms of madness on the part of the alleged lunatic, and he called in two doctors who decided that it was not safe to leave him any longer at large. Where is the weak point in this plea? Nowhere except in the consciences of the man who signed the order and of the doctors who gave the certificates. They may know that order and certificates alike owe their being to purely mercenary considerations, but they may safely defy any one else to prove it against them. Dr. FORBES WINSLOW says that when the order is signed by a stranger the Commissioners in Lunacy inquire most carefully into the circumstances. But the danger of false imprisonment probably arises much more often in cases where the order is signed by the nearest relation. It is not even necessary to credit this relation with the intention of shutting up a sane person. There is a great deal of eccentricity which does not amount to lunacy, and a great deal of lunacy which does not justify the consignment of the patient to a madhouse. He will give less trouble and be better cared for in an asylum than he can possibly be out of one—this is how the relation puts the case to himself—so to an asylum he must go. If a man is at all eccentric, things can probably be told of him which, taken by themselves, may easily be mistaken for madness,

even by doctors, when these doctors have no experience in the treatment of mad cases.

All this would not matter if the asylum to which a lunatic is sent were kept by public authority, and not by a private proprietor. In that case the mischief would be over so soon as the doors had opened to receive the patient. The superintendent and the doctors would all be public officers, and they would have no interest whatever in keeping a patient who was not mad, or one who, having been mad, was mad no longer. Even if the doctors of private asylums were public officers, things would be better than they are. Whatever the proprietor might make out of his patients while they remained with him, the date of their departure would be fixed by an independent authority. But the proprietor or one of the proprietors is himself the doctor. If a patient is profitable, it rests wholly with the man who profits by him to determine whether he is fit to leave. Dr. FORBES WINSLOW says that "all the proprietors and superintendents of asylums in England are actuated by one motive—the welfare of their patients" and their restoration to a sound state of mind and "body." Dr. WINSLOW's ready belief in his profession is touching. It is the one flock upon earth in which there are no black sheep. But this miraculous strength of faith is not commonly to be attained. For ourselves we cannot get rid of the conviction that among the proprietors of lunatic asylums, as among mankind generally, there are some—it may be many—who are all that Dr. WINSLOW describes; some who care for nothing but money, though they are not prepared to resort to actual crime in order to make it; and a few who do not stick even at actual crime when it is the shortest road to wealth. Mr. WINGFIELD, in the curious experiences which he has lately described in the *St. James's Gazette*—experiences gained by disguising himself and going as a keeper in a private madhouse—mentions a case of a keeper who made 3,000*l.* by helping a patient to escape, and then invested it in setting up an asylum. Is he likely to be actuated by one motive—the welfare of his patients? There is no need to assume that many people are detained in madhouses after they become sane. The question rather is how many people have remained mad when, by better treatment, they might have recovered. The answer ordinarily made to these charges is that, even if the possibility of their being true be conceded—and we have seen that Dr. WINSLOW is not willing to go even so far as this—the intervention of the Commissioners puts everything right. That the Commissioners do all they can to put everything right there is no doubt; but the duty which the law assigns them is altogether beyond their power of performance. It is not by a sudden act of observation that the mental state of a suspected lunatic can be determined. To do this requires close and constant watching—watching, in fact, that can be given by the doctor in charge of the case, and by no one else. Thus we come round to the same point. The one man who can pronounce a supposed lunatic sane is the man whose interest it is to keep him a lunatic.

We have said nothing about the ill-usage from which lunatics in private asylums occasionally suffer, though Mr. WINGFIELD makes some unpleasant revelations upon this point. But the prevention of cruelty on the part of keepers is a difficulty common to all asylums, public and private; so that it is best kept out of the controversy between them. We have simply drawn attention to the main point in which the present law is faulty, the laxity with which it consigns men to private asylums when there may be no real evidence that they are proper subjects for such treatment. This laxity might be amended by allowing no one to be admitted into a private asylum except upon the order of a qualified doctor appointed by and responsible to the Government. Perhaps, when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has pulled down the Corporation of London, and set every town and village in the kingdom by the ears on the question whether it shall or shall not have public-houses, he will spare a moment for the consideration of what, as the law stands, may easily be a sentence of perpetual and causeless imprisonment.

FOX-HUNTING ON DARTMOOR.

HUNTING the wild red-deer on Exmoor has become the fashion of late—too much the fashion, perhaps, to make it a very sporting affair; but a fine September spent with the stag-hounds is a delightful way of seeing and enjoying that beautiful country. One of the greatest charms of hunting is, that you are led by the chase into sundry and out-of-the-way places, sometimes of great beauty, which would never

be seen except by the few who live hard by, with whom familiarity may have bred contempt. To know a large tract of country as well as a hunting-man knows his country, to know every path, every stream, every ford, every lane, every gate, to say nothing of all the intricacies of the woodlands, is of itself a joy exclusively given to him. If hunting falls before the scythe of the Destroyer, this knowledge, amongst the rest, will be lost; the red-deer and the wild fox will be as the wild cat, the tree martin, the eagle, and the peregrine falcon, beautiful animals gone from us for ever—extinguished in the name of humanity. It would be a curious study in comparative psychology to speculate whether a fox would prefer life with hunting to no life at all; as a man doubtless prefers life with the gout to obliteration. As the wild red-deer is to Exmoor, so is the wild fox, the old aboriginal large grey fox, to Dartmoor. And if you want to know Dartmoor as it ought to be known, scorning guide-books and antiquarian researches into Druidical remains which the freaks of nature have bountifully supplied for the dilettanti, you must hunt this fox. You must not refrain from following after him; and where he goes you must go, even into the bogs. Getting into a bog on horseback is a curious sensation that no man who has any respect for science ought to neglect. We have given up limiting ourselves to five senses, and a sixth has been authoritatively announced. If a philosopher could be induced to hunt the fox on Dartmoor, he would experience an entirely new sensation, utterly unlike any other, when he rode his horse into a bog, which he would be bound to connect with a seventh. It is an old tradition, and a well-known fact, that no man or horse was ever hurt in a bog, though it must be allowed that it requires an educated taste, as in the case of Wagner's music and some curious old wines, to like it. It is the necessity for a good education that makes hunting on Dartmoor, very fortunately, not so popular as it might be. But to the past master, the man who has come out in honours, what hunting can be compared to it? It is true that you may take a very high degree in Leicestershire and find yourself at the bottom of the class, if a bog may be made classical, at the university of Dartmoor; and this, no doubt, carries with it its vexations. To lead the field with the Quorn, and have to follow a roughish-looking moorman, albeit very well mounted, with the Dartmoor hounds is humiliating. But everybody knows that humility is a very good thing, and it is not less so in fox-hunting than in any other walk, or gallop, in life. To run one of these great grey foxes from the large coverts at Stowford Cleave, on the Erme, near Ivybridge, across the moor to the still larger coverts at Benjay Tor, on the Dart, near Holne Chase, ten miles off, is the perfection of hunting to a really hunting-man who is not a common rider to hounds. The vice of the present day and of the present system is that large, unmanageable fields have reduced hunting-men to mere riders, and woodcraft is like to become a lost art. There has been a revival of hunting in this "so-called" nineteenth century, as there have been other revivals; and hunting has its formalists as well as other more solemn institutions. The vestments are gay and lively; the tall hat, the neat tie, the scarlet coat, the white leather breeches, the top-boots, and the spurs, with every buckle and button in the right place, make a cheerful sight on Dartmoor with a pack of hounds, and set off the scenery with great effect. But the formalism or etiquette of the modern field is a damper to hunting. Not to know the names of the hounds, not to know their tongues, not to know their different merits in drawing or in chase, with the huntsman as a high-priest of the mysteries, is a misery which civilization has happily as yet spared Dartmoor. Sir Francis Grant once said to Count d'Orsay, "That was a fine run." "Run!" said d'Orsay, "it was an epic poem." Such is a run from Stowford Cleave to Benjay Tor. The first stave is sung by Susan. She has already signalled to the huntsman by a feather that the fox is there, and the fox's delicate ear has caught a warning sound. He has moved at once from his kennel, and soon Susan proclaims him on foot, doubling her tongue in a high-pitched key, like the utterance of a wild cry of delight. He has heard Susan's tongue before, and Sontag's, her dam's, too, for that matter, a season or two ago, and although you may call it music, he thinks it Billingsgate, and puts her down as a common scold; no company for him. He will get out of hearing as quickly as possible, and being of a rather decided character, as all good foxes are, will not wait to be tally-ho'd and screamed at by the vulgar, but goes away at once. The meets at Ivybridge on great occasions sometimes number three hundred. But there are laggards amongst them, and if the fox breaks quickly, they are not all up. The moorman, on his small lean thoroughbred-looking mare, with power in the right place, leads the way down what he is pleased to call a path, perpendicular, embossed with boulders, through a dense copse, into a ravine, at the bottom of which is a foaming river. He knows the crossing-place, and you must condescend to follow; not only that, you must descend at the same pace as he does, which is no condescension at all. In any other country this would look like a break-neck piece of business, but on Dartmoor it is only a common-place everyday transaction, and nobody ever breaks his neck. This is a Dartmoor cleave, coombe, or valley, cleft by the waters, and it is very beautiful. The stream is too large to be called a brook, but the trees nevertheless meet over it, and the dense mass of copse defies the fisherman. The moorman must be followed on the other side, for he knows the way out, and you must get to the moor as quickly as possible. He will tell you that there is not a moment to spare, and not to be in a hurry, which is very good advice,

though it sounds ambiguous. He means that you must be as quick as you can be, but you must not hurry your horse; for if you impart your hurry to him and set his heart beating, he will not "show you the run." As for the moorman, he goes on at a perpetual easy, deliberate gallop. The hounds are ahead he knows well, but he cannot afford to bustle his mare, and once on the moor he will get to their sterns somehow. He cares not who passes him, he has only one object in view, and that is to see the run, which, if a good moor-run, will demand all his skill and horsemanship, added to the staying blood of his mare. It is hopeless to attempt crossing the few enclosures between the covert and the moor. The moorman scuttles up an unpromising unsportsmanlike-looking lane, and you had better put your pride in your pocket and do the same. Suddenly you emerge on the moor, and you have before you what looks like a boundless piece of fine turf, short furze, and heather, backed, it is true, by dark-looking hills, with tors on their tops, and a suspicion of granite rocks scattered about; but where you are is ground fit for a racecourse. You are on high land; and, if you are so foolish as to look behind you, Plymouth Sound, with the ships at anchor, the Channel, and a lovely country, rich with meadow, woods, rivers, and pleasant-looking mansions, lies several hundred feet below. Thanks to the moorman, you find yourself on pretty good terms with the hounds, the high enclosures having hindered them a little; but now they are racing as hounds on Dartmoor only do race, with a straight-running fox before them, and under them the old primeval turf which has never known the plough and a soil on which the gentle dews of heaven never cease to drop. This seems an exceedingly pleasant hunting country, and nothing can be easier than riding to hounds. It is still rising ground, but it does not look very steep, and now would be the time to ride at the tail of the pack; but you have been warned to keep your eye on the moorman, and you see him going on the same easy gallop as before, with his mare's ears pricked forward harkening to the hounds. It is exactly the pace she can keep up for ever. The moorman kindly throws away his advice on young Ambition, who gallops past him on a hack. "Gently, young fellow," he says in his own broadest Devonshire, "you'll beat your horse." "Oh! I'll take my guinea out of him," says Ambition, who has that sum to pay for his hack. "You've a-took nineteen and sixpence out of him already," says the moorman, which proves only too true, for in another furlong the poor hack hopelessly stops for good, and young Ambition has to get back to his mess at Plymouth, where he tells his brother officers what a beastly country Dartmoor is. You are not long in getting over this fine ground and reaching the black-looking tors. The ground has been gradually rising, and most of the three hundred who had somehow got to the moor have tailed off. The scenery is very wild, and the enclosures are out of sight, except in the distance where the sun is smiling upon them. There is sound footing round the tors, but the high tableland is hopeless bog, from which trickle the streams that scoop out the deep coombes, and joining their forces form into rivers. Where the ground is sound it is studded with granite boulders, and between tor and tor there is a steep bit of rocky riding with a brook in a bed of rocks at the bottom. The hounds are going at their best pace, and you must ride down over these rocks at your best pace, for down this hill, or precipice if you like, is the chance you have to get on better terms with the pack. The moorman knows the best crossing-place to which he has ridden rather faster than before, but still with none of that fatal hurry, down over rocks which would make a stranger's hair stand on end. But facing the hill opposite is a far more serious thing, and to ride up a hill properly so that your horse, who must be a stout one, can gallop when at the top is the art in riding over Dartmoor to hounds. Many a horse will do the first hill gallantly, and perhaps the second; but the third is the stopper, and when you have got to the top of that and find that your horse can gallop, you may put him down as a Dartmoor hunter, and you may be sure he comes of a long line of sires of the best staying families in England. You may be very proud of your horse, but the moorman will ask you "Can a' continny?" which being interpreted means, Can he continue to gallop for ever? If he cannot, his mane and his tail and all his other beauties are held in contempt. Having successfully followed the moorman up this first hill at exactly the right pace, no faster and no slower, you find yourself by no means too near the hounds, who are running over the bogs on your left faster than you ever saw hounds run before, and you have now to encounter the greatest difficulties that Dartmoor presents. Well may the Quorn man say, "This is no country for me." Nevertheless, it demands the finest horsemanship at your disposal, and the word fine here means "refined," for care of your horse and nursing his powers are indispensable requisites. No stranger can go here; you must know every inch of the country, or you must follow some one who does. There are three sorts of bog—the impassable, the just passable, and the sound, though deep—indistinguishable except by personal experience. This the moorman has; it has been the business of his life, and he has been in all of them. His mare is going her usual pace, which you now seem to think rather fast, with her ears pricked forward as before listening to the hounds. He takes a very decided line, and soon gets on the jobber's path on which drovers have driven their cattle for centuries, as sound ground in the midst of the bogs. He keeps the hounds well in sight and hearing by virtue of this path, but suddenly leaving it he rides down a boggy precipice with the inevitable granite, improving his pace a little, to the River Awne. It is the Awne in Dartmoor, but

the Avon "in along." It is a bad river to cross, but he knows the best place, and half cheats the opposite hill by riding up a little coombe with a stream in it. The hounds have crossed about a quarter of a mile above, the worst of Dartmoor has been passed, and you are on the best galloping ground on its borders. The hounds are still going a terrific pace, and you must ride all you know. Your horse has just done his second hill, and the third is to come. You are on high land, and away on your right you can see the valleys and thick woodlands leading down to the Dart; beyond, the rich land, with Teignmouth and the Teign in the extreme distance. Before you, some way off the moor, lie Holne Chase and Buckland-on-the-Moor, two of the most lovely places in Devon, opposite one another, with the great Dart between:—

Oh! river Dart! Oh! river Dart!
Every year thou claim'st a heart.

You are not on a racecourse after all; there are small, deep coombes to cross, and as the hounds are going straight for Holne Moor the moorman thinks Benjay Tor is his point (never, as a rule, ride to points), and he rides for the crossing place over the brook which runs through that most lovely of all lovely fox coverts, Skaye, the deepest gorge of granite and the densest thicket of copse and gorse to be found anywhere, impenetrable even to the moorman. But the fox has heard Susan's tongue there, and he likes Benjay Tor better. Now comes the third hill down and up, steep, rocky, and trying, and the moorman is on Holne Moor, with the heather up to his mare's knees and the blackcock flying about. This heather holds scent well, and the pace of the hounds is as good as ever, better it could not be, but it is high land, and there is a slope down to Benjay Tor with sound ground under the heather. If there is anything left in your horse, you can improve your pace, in the faith that no fox is such a fool as to scorn Benjay Tor. There you find yourself well up with the hounds, though you have never ridden a severer run in your life, but not the three hundred. A select few straggle up, and we look very pretty with our red coats, off our horses, standing on the top of the tor. It is a rule with the moorman to get off his horse whenever there is nothing doing, to ease her spine, as he calls it. There speaks the good horseman. The fox has gone in, too deep in the granite for any terrier to fret him. It is a fox's "holt," and he gets air through the cracks in the rock. In his present state he could not breathe in an "earth," hence the distinction. It would take a population of miners to get him out; and the huntsman, who is up, grumbles, for he wanted his blood. You secretly rejoice that he has saved that beautiful brush of his, with the long white tag at the end; and that his intelligent mask, with his bright eyes dimmed, is not dangling at the whip's saddle. You stand on the top of Benjay Tor, which is the granite crown of a high cliff hanging over the Dart, with a corresponding cliff, Sharpy Tor, on the opposite side. It is all dense copse and granite stretching down the steep banks of the Dart as it flows to Holne Cot, Holne Chase, and Buckland-on-the-Moor, "brawling," as the poet says, as it goes. Looking up stream it is the same; but further up you see Dart Meet, where the two Darts, East and West, separate or join (as you like it); and in the background Dartmoor again appears—shall we say frowns?—looking black at you, with fine rugged tors, Belliver Tor the chief, on his forehead. It is the finest spot in Devonshire, and, according to the moorman, the finest spot in the world. His mare looks as if another five miles or so of galloping would be a pleasure to her; but he says a cheery "Good-bye!" and goes off into the heart of the moor at a slow hound-trot, which often takes him twenty-five miles to covert with ease. He "knows by" a path with a good sandy bottom through the bogs to his snug home in a deep valley on the western side of the moor. You have seen Dartmoor, and you have had a lesson in riding. The last stave of the epic was sung by the moorman when he cried his "Whoo-hoop!" at Benjay Tor, in a scream that awakened all the echoes of all the hills.

A NEW DEFOE.

WE have received from Messrs. Bickers & Son, of Leicester Square, a circular letter and a specimen title-page, having reference to a proposed new edition of Defoe. The circular contains a statement that, "as [the publishers'] desire is to make this edition as complete as possible, they will be glad to hear from any one possessing letters or other matter attributed to or known to be by Defoe." We very gladly give currency and publicity to this request, and we hope it may be widely answered. But there happens to be a good deal to be said on the matter of a complete edition (and, for the matter of that, of any new edition) of Defoe; and, for reasons which will appear in the sequel, it is of very great importance that the attention, both of Messrs. Bickers and of any one who is likely to take an interest in their projected publication, should be called to it.

The circular to which we have referred speaks of "an uniform edition of Defoe's complete works in twenty volumes." The title-page of the printed specimen speaks of "the novels and miscellaneous works of Daniel Defoe, with a biographical memoir of the author, literary prefaces to the various pieces, illustrative notes, &c., including all contained in the edition attributed to the late Sir Walter Scott, with considerable additions. In twenty volumes."

Now, in the first place, there is a great difference between the "complete" works and the works described in the title; and, in the second, that title is not in all respects satisfactory. To begin with, no edition in the type and size represented by the specimen before us (both, let it be said, comely enough) can by any possibility be "complete" in twenty volumes. The *Review*, the topographical works, and others have never been reprinted in any collections; and no collection has, even with these exceptions, and with the further exception of doubtful and periodical matter, contained anything like a complete set of what is known, still less of what is suspected, to be Defoe's. It seems pretty certain, therefore, that, if the proposed reprint is to be in twenty volumes, it will not be complete. The "attributed" collection spoken of, which is with more correctness to be attributed to Sir G. C. Lewis, fills twenty by itself, and omits very much. Again, we do not observe that either in the circular or in the specimen any responsible editor is spoken of. It is certain that without such an editor no edition of a satisfactory kind can possibly be produced, and that the familiar plan of the orange-peel in St. James's Street will not succeed in selecting him. With no desire to disparage Professor Minto's valuable monograph in the series of *English Men of Letters*, which was composed with a different object, it may be said that there is at present no detailed Life of Defoe which is worthy to be put at the head of a complete edition of his works as representing the sifting, comparison, and completion of Wilson, Chalmers, Chadwick, Lee, &c. The literary prefaces to the various pieces, if they are old, will not represent the existing state of knowledge and criticism; and if they are new will require a "hand" of something above merely hack character. The illustrative notes are still more in this case, and indeed may be said to be almost entirely *à faire*. They are moreover very much wanted, for Defoe is chokeful of allusions to matters which have quite dropped out of the knowledge of the present generation. Lastly, literary knowledge and skill of the highest kind would not be thrown away in the attempt to select from Mr. Lee's two volumes of hypothetical works, and from the vast mass of other available material, what ought, and to reject what ought not, to appear in a complete edition. Without real editing Messrs. Bickers, even if they do not content themselves with what Mr. Carlyle somewhere calls a mere "formless agglomeration," will only add one more to the existing collections of Defoe which alternately disappoint the student by what they do not contain and irritate him by what they do. With such an editor, and with his name properly announced as a guarantee of the work, their book can only gain in popularity with the general reader, and will acquire its only chance of being really satisfactory to students. Indeed, except to students and to lovers of English literature, it is scarcely possible to understand what the attraction of a new collection of Defoe can be at all. We therefore write these lines and those which follow in the hope both of dissuading Messrs. Bickers from an incomplete and unedited, and of persuading them to a complete and properly edited, edition of this one of the most peculiar, if not one of the greatest, of English writers. Very likely they have such an edition in view, and have not fully stated their intention. In that case we shall be most happy to learn it.

There are at present, to the best of our knowledge, four collections of Defoe's work obtainable at the booksellers', though two of them only are kept in print. The one-volume edition of Messrs. Nimmo need not be further referred to, because, though its contents were selected with a great deal of judgment, and its double columns and large pages are roomy, still its limitation to a single volume prevents it from being more than a cleverly arranged sample. Then there is the edition already referred to attributed to Scott, but which was not fully brought out till after Scott's death, though it included and reproduced some work of his on the novels. This is the fullest, but it is anything but full. The best of all, as far as it goes, is that brought out in three large double-columned volumes, and part of a fourth by Mr. Hazlitt, some forty years ago. But it broke off in the middle, and its size, print, and arrangement are uninviting, not to mention that it is not easily obtainable. It contains, however, work missing in the others. Lastly, there is the well-known seven-volume collection in Bohn's Library which has all the novels except the third part of *Robinson Crusoe*, but not very much else, while it includes the dull, dirty, and certainly spurious, *Mother Ross*. But any one who should think that a complete collection of Defoe is to be secured even by the process of combining these four and excluding duplicates would be woefully deceived. Let no one even think that by getting together the separate printed books not included in them, but to be hunted out at the booksellers' by consulting Lowndes, Hazlitt, or Lee, he can do that trick. In the first place, it is believed that no complete copy of the *Review*, the forerunner of the Steele and Addison daily essay, and the ancestor of every newspaper in England, that is not a mere newsletter, exists except in the collection of the late Mr. James Crossley. This collection has not, we believe, been dispersed yet; but, unless Messrs. Bickers have secured the *Review*, or unless they are taking measures to do so, their book can be nothing like complete. Again, Mr. Crossley was credited with possessing the unique and unpublished *Complete Gentleman*. In an interview with him at Manchester, six years ago, he informed a visitor who had a special interest in the subject that he possessed other works of Defoe which no commentator had mentioned, or at least which were unique, but which he could not get at because his books were higgledy-piggledy in a house into which

he had lately moved. Then the various books edited rather than written by Defoe present very considerable interest, and would need careful editing. And, lastly, as has been said, no little judgment and a great deal of labour must be required to sift Mr. Lee's contribution of "Foeiana." The opinion entertained by many students of those contributions is not altogether favourable, and it was gathered from the above referred to conversation with Mr. Crossley that he (who was incomparably the best authority living on Defoe) thought as they do. But still the matter requires sorting and testing. Lastly, one at least of Defoe's unquestioned works will need a certain amount of hardihood on the part of the editor in ushering it even in the track of one of his predecessors to the notice of a modern and squeamish public. Yet it is one of the most characteristic of the whole. Altogether, the work is not a light work, and we are unable to understand any reason that Messrs. Bickers can have for keeping back the name of the editor, if they have selected a competent one.

We speak plainly on this subject, because damage, at least temporarily irreparable, may be done by silence. There is unfortunately but a scanty demand nowadays for library editions of any but a very few English classics. Books of the kind go heavily off, and one edition is nearly certain to make another hopeless as a commercial speculation for many years. We do not think we are betraying any confidence when we say that the reprint, unedited and uncorrected, which Messrs. Bickers themselves have just finished of Scott's *Swift*, prevented another publisher from entrusting to one of the most competent editors now living a completely recast and adequate presentation of the whole work of the author of *Gulliver*. Messrs. Bickers, as we have great pleasure in recognizing, bring out their books in a mechanical style which leaves little or nothing to desire, and it is all the more certain that even the most "amorphous" Defoe in twenty volumes that they may choose to issue will close the market to another in all probability for more years than most of us have to live. Therefore, it is but the plain duty of every one acquainted with the facts, and having a love for English literature, to request them to furnish some more explicit guarantee of the completeness and the adequacy of the new Defoe than they have yet done. There are authors in whose case insufficiency or eccentricity of editing matters very little. If people play tricks with Chaucer, we can fall back on Tyrwhitt; if they make foolish comments on Ben Jonson, we can make ourselves fairly happy with the familiar grumbles of Gifford; if the sacrilegious hand of the modernizer and abridger is laid on Burton, or Sidney, or Mallory, there are plenty of older editions vernal at the stall. But to get together a complete original Defoe, if it is physically possible at all (and but for the probable sale of Mr. Crossley's books it would not be so), would take years of time, pockets full of money, and an infinity of trouble. Much—very much—of him is for the ordinary modern reader in want of comment, luminous if brief; much is doubtful, not a little that goes by his name is pretty certainly spurious. A fresh attempt, therefore, at a complete edition (for more than one of the existing collections meant to be complete, but could not) is a really serious matter. If it is to be understood that no arbitrary limits will be set to it; and that it will be entrusted to a competent editor, with carte blanche to edit the work of his predecessors as well as the text (the edition mentioned on the title-page is anything but a model of text-editing), it will be a great pleasure to all Englishmen who love literature to help it on in every way they can. But if one more botched bookseller's collection is to be added to the botches already existing, we are constrained to say that such Englishmen, without whose countenance it is hardly likely to be what it otherwise might easily be, satisfactory to its publishers as well as to its readers, will probably turn a cold shoulder to it, and will not be wrong in doing so.

TWICE-PAID BILLS.

THE London School Board are at present paying more than half a million a year to teachers; and, in addition to this sum, ten thousand a year is paid to various persons who instruct and inspect the teaching staff. We shall fully examine the conditions under which this amazing arrangement is worked. The London teachers are supposed to be very highly qualified indeed, and they certainly ought to know their trade if length of training and liberal salary count for anything. The average teacher serves an apprenticeship of five years, during which time he is under the supervision of a certificated master. He learns to manage classes of children with dexterity and effect, and he picks up a good deal of book-work. At the end of each year he must pass an examination; and, after he has got through five of such ordeals in succession, he competes for a scholarship, which takes him to a Normal College. While he is in college he is free from the drudgery of teaching, and all his time is devoted to study, excepting one fortnight per year, which he spends in a model school, under the eye of a consummately skilful superintendent. At the end of the first year of training he is examined again; and at the end of the second year he is required to give a specimen of his ability as a teacher before a Government Inspector. If he is inept or stupid, his career ends then and there; if he comes through the test with credit, he is sent out to take his place in a school. But it must not be imagined that he blossoms into a certificated master immediately after his college time is over. The certificate is withheld for two years, and even the cost of the young teacher's

maintenance at the training-school is kept back until he has shown that he is fit for the rough daily labour of an ordinary elementary school. Another Inspector requires him to give a series of lessons; and, if the performance is good, a parchment certificate is granted, and the sum of 100*l.* is sent to the college in which the successful man was trained. So, before any one can qualify as a teacher, he must pass through a probation of nine years, and he receives his testamur when he is about twenty-two years old.

Now, in addition to this rather long spell of practice, the London School Board require a master to serve at least three years in a subordinate position, for no head teachership is granted to candidates under twenty-five years of age. We may therefore take it that every one of the Board's schoolmasters has been employed in instructing children and in passing examinations for at least twelve years. After this severe drilling, the typical teacher becomes what scientific persons call a specialized product. All his faculties have been directed to one end. He may be coarse, or inartistic, or ignorant of the world and of books; but he is nearly always surpassingly clever in imparting whatever knowledge he happens to possess. If the best man from Cambridge or Oxford in any given year were set to work in an elementary school beside an ordinary assistant-master who had just come from college, the class taught by the University scholar would lag far behind the one taught by his half-educated neighbour. The University man knows much, but can teach little; the trained workman does not know much, but he can set forth all his knowledge with lucidity and tact.

A vast corps of these drilled specialists are in the service of the Board; and it might be thought that they should be able to manage the work of teaching children of the poorer class up to the limits marked by the Code. The salaries paid by the Board are sufficient to tempt the best men in the country; and at this date there are actually 544 teachers employed in Board Schools who have spent twelve years (over and above the nine years' probation) in elementary school work. If these teachers are not competent, they should be.

Now the Board, after offering good prices for head-masters, fancy prices for head-mistresses, and fair salaries for assistants, proceed to assume that the staff which they have gathered by outbidding all competitors is totally inefficient, and the public are saddled with the cost of a set of secondary tutors whose duty it is to teach the teachers. A man may have spent thirty years in acquiring skill, knowledge, and experience, yet as soon as he enters the service of the Board he finds himself under the supervision of a whole army of very highly-paid officials who never leave him at peace for more than a few months at a time. First of all there are eight School Inspectors employed by the Board. These gentlemen draw 450*l.* per annum apiece, with 50*l.* travelling expenses. Let us see the effects of their work. As soon as the Government Inspector has left a school the new year's labour begins. Each standard must pass over a certain amount of ground which is definitely stated in the Code, and a full twelve months is allowed in order that each new grade may be mastered. If Thomas Smith is examined in long division, compound addition, and compound subtraction in April 1884, he will be required to pass in compound multiplication, compound division, and "weights and measures" in April 1885. But six months before the highly-paid Government Inspector imposes his test, the highly-paid Board Inspector enters the school, and proceeds to set an examination precisely similar to that which is to be met at the end of the year. For three or four days—perhaps for a week—the school is kept at fever pitch. The Inspector makes an elaborate report on discipline, organization, registers, premises, books and material, Scripture, music, drawing, home lessons, object lessons, staff, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, science subjects, tone, and all the rest, and he finishes up by composing a terse summary, on which the reputation of the teacher depends. His report is duly printed, and the teacher receives a smart rebuke if any shortcomings are manifest. Then the final six months of the school year are devoted to preparing for the advent of the great man from Whitehall. But the children are strenuously wound up to satisfy the Board Inspector; the best of them cover the year's work easily in six months, and the weaker of them are thrust forward with a vigour that is painful to witness. The consequence is that for six months the sharp youngsters go wearily over and over the same stale ground that is familiar to them as their own limbs; while the dull ones are ground and ground until they can get through the examination along with their more fortunate comrades. It follows that the ratepayers' money is fruitlessly expended during a great part of each year. We must treat knowledge which is bought by the public as we should treat any other commodity for which that public pays. Now, if more than half of the children attending the schools can cover the Government standard easily in six months, then for the other six months of the year we are paying for the instruction of children who are practically learning nothing whatever. If the children cannot cover the standard in six months, what earthly good is obtained by sending a Board Inspector to worry them before the time is ripe? The dilemma is an awkward one; and we should very much like to see which horn would be chosen by those who have created it. Either the children are cruelly hurried or inadequately taught. Either the Government require too little or the Board exact too much. We incline to the latter solution. It is most scandalously unfair that the people should first of all be required to pay through Imperial taxation the heavy salaries of Government Inspectors, and that then, in addition, they should pay through local taxation the

heavy salaries of a duplicate set of secondary Inspectors. If the Government Inspectors are inefficient, why are they suffered to retain office? If they are useful and efficient, why should their work be repeated by other men?

When we pursue our investigations further we find still more reason for surprise, and even alarm. Her Majesty's Inspector reports on the teaching of singing, and withholds a portion of the grant if the subject is not well taught; the Board Inspector also reports on the singing of each school. But this is not enough; and thus the Board bring in a third hand by appointing an Inspector of Music, whose duty it is to ignore the other two critics, and make a report for himself. Again, the Board has in its service two thousand teachers who are certificated to teach drawing, and each of these persons receives 5*l.* a year on account of the qualification which he has gained by examination. But, not content with handing out 10,000*l.* a year for the teaching of drawing, the Board appoint an Instructor to teach the certificated persons to whom the 10,000*l.* are paid. The Drawing Instructor very naturally writes the most harrowing accounts of the want of artistic merit which characterizes the drawings done in school. He exalts his office, and appears to think that there can be no salvation for us until the blight of bad freehand is removed. Very good. But if the teachers cannot teach, why pay them 10,000*l.* for teaching? If they can teach, why appoint an expensive official to supply an imaginary want? Again, the infant schoolmistresses engaged by the Board have all passed through at least twelve years' training, and they certainly ought to be excellent hands at their work, for their average salaries reach 182*l.* a year. Yet the Board appoint an Instructor to teach these very costly teachers their duty. When this Instructor enters a school, her proceedings must produce effects something like those of an earthquake. She writes, "I accept no excuse. The heaviest of tables and chairs encumbering the floor must be removed somehow. I require all the children to be out on the floor." This imperial mode of proceeding may have salutary effects on the authority and the imagination of the head teacher, whose domain is thus ruthlessly invaded; but an ordinary thinker finds it hard to see what the benefit of it is. If a lady is worth 182*l.* a year to the ratepayers, why should another receive 300*l.* a year for teaching such an expensive servant her business? If the lady teacher is not worth 182*l.* a year, why was she engaged to burden the public? It is the old dilemma. The same kind of inexplicable folly marks the movements of the Board in other directions. Two sets of Inspectors report on the needlework; nevertheless there are four Special Inspectors and Inspectors, whose operations tend to reduce the badgered schoolmistresses to lunacy. The duplicate Inspectors report on the subject of drill, and a special grant is paid if the Government are satisfied with the teaching; but the Board engage a Drill Inspector at a high salary, and this gentleman teaches drill to men who are paid for knowing drill. The crowning absurdity appeared after one of the Board members had made a visit to Sweden. The travelled enthusiast returned, and at once proposed to import a muscular lady who should develop the thews of our female population. A female gymnast was engaged at 200*l.* a year; and all the girls in the London Board Schools are now being taught to jump and contort themselves in a scientific manner. Some of the teachers in the "starveling" schools declared that they were afraid to put their forlorn little damsels through the furthest gymnastic refinements; the bones might cut through the skin, said these unambitious mistresses. But the starvelings are taught to hop and straddle all the same, and it is to be hoped that the exercise does them good.

It would be wearisome to run over the list of Inspectors and Instructors. Suffice it for the present to say that the Board has created a new official caste. Each of the specialists thinks his own subject supremé in importance; each of them "puts on the screw"; each of them writes his little sarcasms, picks out his favourites, and reproves those who fail to satisfy him. The result is that no sooner is one Inspector out of a school than another comes in; and Sir Edmund Currie, one of the most shrewd and kindly men who ever served the public, declares that "the teachers are worried and inspected out of their senses." With this fine idiomatic extract we leave the public to consider the situation.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE PRUSSIAN MINISTRY.

THE rumours that Prince Bismarck intends to withdraw from all connexion with the Prussian Ministry, while still remaining Imperial Chancellor, have gained such weight and consistency that it is difficult any longer to doubt that they are substantially correct. The Prince has returned to Berlin much stronger than he left it, and his speeches in the Reichstag have certainly shown no decline in intellectual vigour; yet in one of them he found it necessary to tell his hearers that the only condition on which his health could remain permanently good was that he should bid adieu to the duties he had hitherto performed, and the way in which the rumours have been treated by the semi-official press clearly shows that he himself is anxious to resign. Indeed, it seems probable that nothing but the Royal sanction is now wanting, and this may be given at any moment.

If it has become absolutely necessary to relieve him of a part of

the burden he has hitherto borne with such unwearied courage and resolution, it is clear that it is better that he should withdraw from Prussian than from Imperial politics; and why he desires to do so altogether, instead of retaining his position in the Foreign Office as he did in 1873, when, in consequence of his ill health, Count Roon presided over the Ministry, is fully explained by an article in the *Berlin Political News*, which gains weight from the way in which it is cited by the *North German Gazette*. The latter paper, which is believed to enjoy more of the Chancellor's confidence than any other, declines responsibility for the article it is true, but in a dainty, bashful way that reminds one of the coyness of a young lady who very much wishes to be pressed to sing, and stands in strange contrast with its usually bold and defiant tone. If Prince Bismarck remains in the Ministry, it is argued, however strictly he may confine himself to the duties of his office, every important measure introduced by the Administration will be attributed to him. According to the whole system of government in Prussia the head of each office is practically independent, and responsible only to the King; and so, in the period above referred to, the Prince could, in fact, exercise only a small and indirect influence on the internal policy of the country, and yet he has always been considered the real author of the ecclesiastical legislation of the time. Every one must see the force of this reasoning. The great statesman has established such a reputation that, however conscientiously he might restrict himself to his own field, it would be impossible to persuade the outside world that he was not the ruling and directing spirit of every Government in which he held a place, and all who are acquainted with the effects of overwork know that worry and a sense of responsibility are far more injurious than the mere amount of mental labour done. It is therefore clear that, if Prince Bismarck requires rest, he is acting wisely in quitting the Prussian Ministry altogether.

Nor are we by any means sure that he is not furthering the true interests of his country in doing so. He will, of course, leave a great blank in the administration of the kingdom; his loss will be felt in every office that he resigns. Many measures will be delayed, and others will be submitted to Parliament in a less perfect form than if they had been fashioned by his hand. The King, too—and this will probably weigh more heavily than any other consideration with the man who has served him so long and so well—the King, too, may find it difficult to accustom himself to the new voice and manner in which the proposals of his Ministers are placed before him. But it has long been clear that a greater separation must be made between the administration of Prussia and that of the Empire. It was an incalculable advantage to Germany that during the period of transition so many of the most important offices in both could be left in the hands of a single statesman, and that thus all danger of friction between the Central Power and the most important of the States subject to it was evaded. But no nation can expect to be governed by a succession of men of genius, and even among men of true political genius there are few with Prince Bismarck's capacity for hard and continuous work. The mere routine business of the offices he has filled would have been enough to reduce even an intellect of more than ordinary strength to the condition of a mere machine, and to deprive it of all initiative power. The wonder is not that he now desires to be freed from the stress of work, but that he has borne it so long. Yet his splendid prestige and large experience enabled him to entrust much to subordinates that even the most gifted of his successors will be obliged to do himself.

A division of the two administrations has therefore become inevitable; and it will involve many modifications, if not in the form, at least in the practice, of the two Governments. Difficulties which no one can foresee are almost certain to arise; if there were no unquestioned authority at hand to decide them and to establish precedents, they might easily lead to irritation or even to a conflict. We are only quoting Prince Bismarck when we say that nowhere is the *esprit de corps* stronger than in Germany, where a member of one branch of the Civil Service thinks he is doing a good action if he secures a petty advantage for his own office, even though it may be to the detriment of the whole State. A serious contest between the Imperial and the Prussian Governments is therefore by no means impossible, and a greater danger to the Empire could hardly be conceived. At present, if the rumours we have spoken of prove to be correct, the appeal may be made to the Imperial Chancellor, whose opinion no one in the higher ranks of the Government service will think of disputing, however unofficially it may be given.

From the first establishment of the North German Confederation, all earnest students of contemporary history have been asking themselves how the Constitution whose foundations were then laid would work when the master mind that created it, and the hand in which it proved so powerful an instrument, were no longer there to direct it. Even in his opinion it was not the best of Constitutions, but only the best attainable at the time, and to them it appeared that it was only his genius that covered its defects. Hitherto they have had to comfort themselves with the hope that a nation which had once enjoyed the advantages of unity would not readily allow local prejudice or party rancour to tear it asunder again. To all who desire to see Germany remain what she is, a great, peaceful, and Conservative Power, it would on this account be a source of satisfaction to know that one important part of the changes which time cannot but bring would be carried out under the eyes of the greatest creative states-

man of modern times. Deeply, therefore, as we should deplore the retirement of Prince Bismarck from the Prussian Ministry, if we looked upon it only as a sign of his failing health, we cannot, under existing circumstances, regard it with regret.

TWO PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

TWO important exhibitions of pictures were opened to the public on Monday. The Society of British Artists have gathered a large number of works—eight hundred in all—in their rooms in Suffolk Street; and Mr. Wallis has opened the French Gallery in Pall Mall, with a small number of oil paintings, all, or nearly all, by foreign artists. The one hundred and sixty-three works in Pall Mall are each and all worth looking at, though of course all are not equally pleasing. Of the far larger gathering in Suffolk Street, however unwilling we may be to acknowledge it, the strict critic would find it very hard to pick out one hundred and sixty-three pictures worth looking at twice. Of course the artist who considers the strict critic as a roaring lion, or words to that effect, and imagines that he seeks with pleasure for objects for abuse, will accuse us of partiality and all sorts of malignity; but the truth is that at Suffolk Street there are not one hundred and sixty good pictures, not one hundred, not sixty, nor anything like it. Indeed, if we say there are six, we must think a moment lest we exaggerate. At the same time, it cannot be said that the exhibition is deplorably bad, and, as we shall see, one picture rises to a very high level. The average character of the work is, on the whole, much higher than it used to be. There are fewer pictures like the scene (337) on the Terrace at Haddon, where the artist, desiring to depict a lady with a broken heart, has represented her with a broken neck. But there are numerous examples of trivial interest, of bad drawing, of tawdry taste, of inharmonious colour, of flatness, and hardness, and ignorance—in short, it is but too true that if a round half-dozen were taken out, there would be nothing left—nothing, that is, worth looking at twice.

If it is not invidious, let us select half a dozen from the whole exhibition. Among them there is one work difficult to class with anything else here. Mr. Arthur Hill's "The Shell" (491) entirely eclipses the other pictures, as well by its actual brilliancy as by its other remarkable qualities. Mr. Hill has long been known as an artist who strives after eminence in a department of high art but little cultivated in this country. His studies of the nude have generally taken the form of life-size pictures painted from models of dark complexion, only a shade or two lighter than those in which Mr. Long delights. We took occasion last autumn to give qualified praise to "A Dancer" exhibited in this Gallery. To "The Shell" it is possible to give unqualified praise. In fact it seems likely to prove one of the best pictures of the year in any gallery. It is small, not more than ten inches by twenty-four, so differing from former studies by Mr. Hill. Moreover, it represents a nymph of the most dazzlingly fair complexion. Further, and this is in itself a remarkable evidence of progress, the face, which in Mr. Hill's former works was generally commonplace, not to say plain, is here of exceeding loveliness. The nymph lies extended on the sea-shore, and listens to the sound in a shell which she holds close to her ear.

A long space, and almost as long an interval in merit, separates "The Shell" from the picture which seems to come next in order. This is Mr. Bernard Evans's water-colour, No. 634, to which some lines of poetry on April showers are appended. It is a fine, broad, well-graduated, forcible view, with a splendidly-lighted sky. Two other works by the same artist hang close by, but we turn again and again from them to the "April Shower." A very bad third, as racing men say, is perhaps to be found in Mr. R. J. Gordon's "Fair Florist" (246), a very pretty lady arranging flowers in a vase. Another study from the same head is in the first room, "Lauretta" (95), but is inferior, being very rough in execution. Next after the "Fair Florist" we may place "A Haymaker," by Mr. F. Brown, which is an English version of what various French artists have already done. The girl is homely, but not uncomely; and the execution of the painting may be considered superior to the design. Two more pictures will make up our half-dozen. They are one of Mr. A. de Bréanski's three landscapes, "Shabod" (273), a fine effect of sunset colour; and one of Mr. Haynes King's four figure subjects, "A Stitch in Time" (50), which, in spite of a vulgar title, is a very sweet, harmonious, and pleasant little work. All this artist's pictures are more or less pleasing; but that on which evidently he has bestowed most thought and labour—a cottage interior, called "News from the Colonies" (346)—though harmonious in colour, is hopelessly stiff.

Not up to the mark, but decidedly showing some promise, we may mention a few of the other pictures in the order of the Catalogue. The portrait of "Miss Craik" (13), by Mr. Gadsby—a child with a variety of dolls—is spotty and rough, yet marked with a certain cleverness, which is more apparent in portraits of two other young ladies of the same family and name (208), where, however, the effect is marred by one child being better finished than the other. A nice little study, but too obviously a study, "Idleness" (44), by Mr. Morton, may be admired for the excellence of the drapery and the general high finish. "A Souvenir of Rembrandt" (107), by Mr. J. W. Wilson, is broad and powerful—the portrait of an elderly man in a big hat—but the title suggests comparisons fatal to the picture. "Azaleas" (122), by Mrs.

Holliday, is a very highly finished flower-piece, hardly amounting in importance to a picture, but very decorative. Similarly good are "Apples" (218), by Mr. Livens, which deserve mention for sober colour and a look of reality. There are several other pieces depending on fruit and flowers for their effect, and some of "still life," such as Miss Hayllar's "School Hamper" (572), and Miss B. W. Spiers's—or is it "Mr." B. W. Spiers's?—"Curiosities of Literature," a heap of old books marvellously painted. "Coming Events" (153) is the silly title of Mr. Cauty's girl feeding ducks, a picture with some depth and feeling. "Maiden Widowed" (158), by Miss Pulvermacher, is clever and solid, but from a model unpleasantly plain. Mr. Burr's "Politician" (199) is a man in red at a window, with nothing to relieve the redness. The picture, otherwise not uninteresting, is extremely inharmonious. A head in a wig, somewhat unnecessarily called "The Vicar of Bray" (230), by Miss Seymour Lucas, is cleverly painted and shows promise. "Returning Health" (241), by Mr. Maw Egley, defies criticism as a picture, but may be admired for a microscopic finish and smoothness which reminds us of Mieris. Several of the Royal Academy school studies of village inns which competed for the last prizes are here. Mr. Holyoake's "On the Road to the Meet" (445) is perhaps the best of them.

To do full justice to the French Gallery is manifestly impossible, as it would involve a mention of every picture exhibited. It must suffice to indicate the chief features of the exhibition. Most people will be inclined to place first the "Portrait" (136), understood to be that of the artist's wife, by F. A. Kaulbach, the well-known "nephew of his uncle." As this picture and three others (139, 170, and 171) in the Gallery attest, Herr Kaulbach is not so unworthy of his nepotism as the personage respecting whom the words were spoken originally. The lady, with an expression sweet and gracious, yet modest and self-possessed, is represented at full length, and has a magnificent Dalmatian hound by her side, represented much as Vandyke represented dogs on so many occasions. In fact, the whole picture recalls rather Vandyke than Reynolds, but it is perfectly original, and we only institute comparisons for the benefit of those who cannot see the picture. Of a very different character is the wonderful Serbian peasant scene (64), by Herr Joanowitz, a pupil, it is reported, of Professor Karl Müller, of Vienna. An old soldier in a picturesque costume fences with a boy, while a younger soldier seated behind guides the boy's hand. Behind are several smiling spectators, including a charming group of women. The painting is at once solid and refined, and the colour so rich as to remind one insensibly of M. Meissonier's "La Rixe." This is believed to be only the second picture of Herr Joanowitz, his first having been purchased by the Serbian Government. We have just mentioned M. Meissonier. A picture, very small as usual, by him is on the wall, "A Halberdier" (19), which does not call for further remark, except that it is in every way up to the standard he has always set himself for spirit, colour, and high finish. Two curious little pictures hang on either side of Herr Joanowitz's splendid work. They represent Roman carnival scenes (60, 68). The finish is high; but the most remarkable thing in them is the airiness and crispness of the treatment. Near them are two of the most interesting works in the Gallery, Herr Seiler's "A Wilful Youth" (61) and "Nach dem Diner" (69). A third picture by him is on the sofa, and bears the not very appropriate title of "Wearisome and Wearied" (163). It represents a number of bookworms of the last century enjoying themselves thoroughly in ransacking an old-fashioned library. Every face and every book has its own character; yet, though every detail is made out with the utmost fidelity, there is a breadth and absence of spottiness in the general effect truly marvellous. It would, perhaps, be unpatriotic or unkind to say that no English artist can excel this young painter in a style peculiarly suited, one might have thought, to the English capacity. Mr. Green, perhaps, comes nearest to it. M. de Blaas disappoints us in "The World and the Cloister" (54); a nun, a lady in fashionable clothes; and an odiously over-dressed French child; a mere picture of properties, but of course consummately painted. "Five Bars Rest" (56), by M. Andriotti, should be examined, as should "A Difficult Passage" (50), by Herr Poetzalberger, in which the violinist sits, bow in hand, examining the score. The finish is very high in both pictures. M. Laugée's "Pour la Soupe" (93) is of the usual type of his work, and a good example. The central feature of the wall opposite the door is "La Ruine d'une Famille" (102), by Herr Echter, an artist who has already received medals and prizes for it on the Continent. The rough French village drinking-shop, the gamblers, the despairing wife and children, the conspirators behind the partition, the accessories of every kind, the cold light breaking in, all produce a powerful, if painful, effect. "The Dole" (109), by M. Aviat, represents two friars and a pretty girl, and is bright and charming. There is fine tone in Troyon's "Man is Born to Trouble" (141); and we must not overlook "African Camp Followers" (45), by the late Eugene Fromentin, an artist whose works are becoming very rare. The landscapes this year are not very numerous, but there are several by Herr Heffner, including one of amazing depth and colour, an after sunset scene (24). The cattle pieces of Herr van Marcke (17, 35) are of his usual high quality, but we prefer the smaller. The English eye does not readily accommodate itself to foreign cattle. Herr Wahlberg's "Near Beaulieu," will be admired for its fine hazy effect. In the upper room, though we have not nearly exhausted the lower one, there are three or four fine pictures. Besides the Kaulbachs already mentioned, there is Herr Leibl's curious "In Church" (166), a piece of highly-finished

work in the pre-Raphaelite style; it is difficult to enjoy, yet impossible not to admire, in the old sense of that verb, and seems literally an amazing example of conscientious, if uninteresting, toil. The folds of the very plain young woman's apron must have cost the artist weeks of labour. The whole picture is said to have occupied no less than four years. "An Egyptian Interior" (169) was left very nearly finished by the late C. Barge, and is a fine specimen of the rare work of a lamented artist.

NEO-CHRISTIANITY.

IT is a curious irony of fate which has made the eldest son of the late Dr. Arnold, one of the most devout and in his way orthodox of Christian enthusiasts, the founder and apostle of "Neo-Christian" schemes, from which every trace of historical Christianity is carefully eliminated. No doubt Dr. Arnold was considered in his day a very "Liberal Churchman," and was looked on with suspicion—not without some reason—alike by High Churchmen and Evangelicals. But he differed *toto calo* from the Broad Churchmen of a later day who, as the *Times* phrased it, "only escaped by the skin of their teeth," when prosecuted in the ecclesiastical courts, and for whose theology in *Essays and Reviews* the term Neo-Christianity was first coined, if we remember rightly, by Mr. Frederic Harrison. And he would have had still less sympathy, had he dreamt of its existence, with the new phase of religionism invented by his son, to which the same name is more appropriately applied in a criticism, at once instructive and amusing, by Mr. Traill in the *Contemporary Review*. Those who knew him best have expressed their conviction that, were he living now, he would be an Evangelical; it may at all events be affirmed with tolerable confidence that he would not become "a Neo-Christian." The term, as we have already intimated, has a more direct application to *Literature and Dogma* than to the *Essays and Reviews*. The writers designated by a divine who has since become a bishop, the *Septem Contra Christum*, did not at all events profess to be propounding a new Gospel, but only to be clearing the old one of certain superstitious or superfluous accretions, which impeded its acceptance by educated scholars of the present age. What *residuum* would have remained when the "verifying faculty" they appealed to had had its perfect work, may indeed fairly be questioned, but some of them at all events—one especially who has long been known as a zealous and hard-working bishop—thought that a great deal would remain untouched, and the question of their consistency or their orthodoxy need not further detain us here. Mr. Matthew Arnold on the other hand does virtually claim, as his critic points out, to be "the founder of a new religion," and though the elements of his theological system—if the term may be misapplied to a theology which expressly excludes the idea of a personal God—are scattered through all his later works, the most complete and coherent summary of them is to be found in *Literature and Dogma*, which is evidently "designed to lay the foundations of a new creed," and has accordingly been recently issued in a cheaper form for popular use; much we presume as Strauss "turned to the Gentiles" in the revised edition of his *Leben Jesu für das deutsche Volk bearbeitet*. At the same time if the new Evangel be in fact—as it clearly is—"another Gospel," it claims to be "not another," but rather "a legitimate development of popular Christianity"; a claim which Mr. Traill thinks might be sufficiently disposed of by submitting it to the arbitrament of Messrs. Moody and Sankey or Mr. Spurgeon. To be sure there are versions of Gospel teaching not unacceptable to very orthodox Christians, which we are afraid would not commend themselves to "the Rev. Esau Hittall," but in the present instance the test would hardly be an unfair one. However our chief concern is to examine not so much the pretensions of Neo-Christianity to be regarded as a form of Christian doctrine as its claim to be accounted, in any intelligible sense of the word, a religion at all. There is no need to approach the question from a dogmatic standpoint, and Mr. Traill, whatever may be his own religious opinions, has in fact approached it from a purely sceptical or external point of view. There is as little of "sectarian" bias in his criticism, as in the author he criticizes, and he appears indeed to have first consulted him in the hope of finding matter for agreement rather than for difference. He thinks "that Mr. Arnold's attempt to establish a *modus vivendi* between Christianity and modern thought must command the sympathy of every one who shares the very general inability"—which he apparently shares himself—"to see how Western communities are to live 'either with or without' it." The assumed difficulty may not seem to every one so insoluble, but at all events those who strongly feel it cannot be charged with an unfriendly animus towards a writer who has set himself with singular, if not very successful, ingenuity to solve it.

In the first place then it is important to ascertain what are the fundamental doctrines of this new religion, and in what respects it differs from the old one. Mr. Arnold, to do him justice, is never an obscure writer, and he leaves his readers in no doubt on these points. Neo-Christianity "contains two, and only two, essential and eternal truths—namely, its assertion of the claims of righteousness as the only way of peace for man, and its indication of Christ as the model of righteousness appointed for man's imitation." We should ourselves have inclined to say that the second doctrine was "a pious opinion" adopted by Mr. Arnold himself rather than

an "essential" article of the new creed, and an opinion likely very soon to drop out of it, supposing *per impossibile* it ever attained the dimensions of a popular religion. However we will take Mr. Traill's statement as it stands, and give him the benefit of the doubt. As to what are the exploded articles of the old historical creed there is no room for any difference of opinion. They are "such as the belief in miracles, in prophecy, in a materialistic (?) future state, in the Trinity, and even in the personality of the Supreme Being." The word "materialistic" might have been left out, for all future life disappears from the system with a Personal God; and we do not know why Mr. Traill omits the Incarnation from the list of leading doctrines to be got rid of. It is expressly dismissed—in a phrase of polished but cynical irreverence we do not care to quote here—in *Literature and Dogma*, as a pretty but impossible *Aberglaube*, absolutely fatal to the reception of any creed of which it forms an integral portion. The "verifying faculty" by which these superstitious adjuncts are securely discriminated from the essential verities of the Christianity of the future is "culture," which "enables the reader to feel what the Bible writers are about, to read between the lines, to discern where he ought to press with his whole weight, and where he ought to press lightly." And the Bible thus verified and interpreted will become the one and sole adequate guide and inspirer of human life, the one rule of "conduct" whereby alone man may attain to his highest happiness. Now it is surely only natural to inquire in the first place whether these free-thinking mechanics, for whose special behoof Mr. Arnold has prepared his revised version of the Scriptures, will be likely to accept this remarkable scheme of hermeneutics. They have already *ex hypothesi* rejected the Bible as a record of divine revelation in the sense—apart from minor points in dispute among Christians—generally placed upon it by orthodox believers. Will they be ready to receive it back at Mr. Arnold's hands, as a volume not "of dogmatic metaphysics"—i.e. as not containing revealed doctrines—but of "poetry and eloquence thrown out at an object of consciousness not fully grasped, which inspired emotion"? Will they *e.g.* be ready to admit that when St. Paul speaks of "God manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory," he did not mean to make any dogmatic or "scientific" statement about the Incarnation or the Ascension, but merely to "throw out" language at "objects of consciousness not fully grasped"; or that the Scripture writers generally, "when they say most distinctly 'This is so,' merely mean, 'This is a matter about which we feel very strongly, and we therefore relieve our minds by formulating precise statements about it which, however, you are not to take literally'?" It would be easy to fill, not this article but the whole number of the *Saturday Review*, with extracts from both the Old Testament and the New exceedingly hard to reconcile by any method of "free handling" with such an hypothesis. But the question is really a vital one to Mr. Arnold's scheme, because—unlike Strauss, who said plainly, "We have a religion, but we are not Christians"—he is never tired of reminding us that he aims not simply at "the construction of a religion," but of a religion "founded and largely relying upon the same sacred writings as the older form, and insisting to the full as much upon their supreme spiritual efficacy and eternal value." It is even a natural or necessary inference from many things he has said that he would consider his new religion more than compatible with the continued use of the Anglican Prayer-book. This then is one serious difficulty about the Neo-Christian creed.

But this objection, serious as it is, does not go to the root of the matter. Before asking whether the proposed religion of the future has any claim to be regarded as a Christian or Scriptural one, there is a previous and still more fundamental question to be settled. Is it a religion at all? A religion, as Mr. Arnold himself fully admits, means more than a mere system of morality, and is indeed, as he implies, an essential condition for securing the observance of the moral law. It is a religion therefore, not simply a moral code, which he has undertaken to provide; and he holds the great distinction between the two to consist in its being not a mere moral code, but "morality touched with emotion." Now of course all religious morality is "touched with emotion," but Mr. Arnold is too good a logician to identify this statement—with what logic manuals call "the simple conversion of A"—with the very hazardous proposition that all morality touched with emotion is religious, which however his argument requires. It surely makes some difference what the "emotion" is. "No morality could be more profoundly touched with emotion than that of a child who strives to be 'good,' in order to earn the gold watch or the pony-ride which has been promised as the reward of its infantile virtue." We need not reopen the question as to the claim of this Neo-Christian scheme to be "a return to the faith once delivered to the Saints," nor will we stay to inquire whether the "emotion" it relies upon has anything in common with that "which touched the morality of the Fathers and the Saints, of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, of St. Francis and St. Teresa." That question indeed answers itself, for their "emotion" was avowedly "the love of God," which is excluded by the force of terms in a religion which repudiates a personal God altogether. It is hardly possible to love or to worship "the eternal something, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." And moreover one main purpose of introducing the new religion is to satisfy the minds of those who find the existence of a personal God "unverifiable" or untrue. Mr. Arnold is supposed by his critic—and the passage is in strict,

though not verbal, accordance with his teaching—to address them thus:—

"I see," he says to them, "that your great difficulty relates to the very existence of a personal God. You do not deny the existence of such a Being, but you hold that it is not verifiable or verified; and I agree with you. It is not, and at present it cannot be verified; and that which cannot be verified, can form no sure and satisfying basis for a religion. To re-settle your religion on such a basis, you require some verifiable conception; and I will tell you where to find one. You will find it in our common human consciousness of an 'Eternal Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness.' There you have your substitute—your verifiable substitute for the supposed personal God, who enjoins certain conduct upon you. And since your personal God rewards right conduct as well as enjoins it, and I have, therefore, also to meet this requirement of a religious faith, I refer you to the equally verifiable truth, that 'to righteousness belongs happiness.' For the name of God, then, wherever it occurs in your creed, substitute 'The Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and for 'heaven,' substitute 'The happiness which belongs to righteousness,' and there is your religion. What more can you want?"

Certainly the perplexed inquirer might well reply, "What less could I have?" He might fairly enough ask whether the two new dogmas are any more "verifiable" than those they are designed to replace. And he might further ask wherein consists the supreme importance of this "righteousness," and in what sense it is true to say that "happiness belongs" to it? Is the great doctrine, the *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesie Neo-Christiana*, to be interpreted in an egotistic or an "altruistic" sense? Mr. Arnold seems to oscillate between the two replies, but it may be questioned if either of them is "verifiable." He speaks sometimes as though the promised happiness consisted in "the consciousness that we are co-operating with and not resisting the great external forces which are directing the destinies of mankind," but that is only another version of the Gospel of Humanity so assiduously preached by Mr. Frederic Harrison and the priesthood of the Comtist Church generally, who however disclaim all profession of Christianity, old or new. We have often explained our reasons for thinking their enterprise a hopeless, though a perfectly honest one, and need not repeat them here. But if Mr. Arnold elects the other alternative, and interprets the happiness which belongs to righteousness to mean individual happiness—that godliness has the promise of this life, whatever becomes of the next—the verification, to say the least, is not made easier. We may well ask, with his critic, whether "any one can seriously believe that our sceptical workman, finding a roll of 100*l.* notes after being six months out of work, with a wife and eight children dependent on him, half his furniture pawned, and a distress hanging over the remainder," will be restrained from theft by the new "emotion" suggested to him in place of his discarded belief in "popular Christianity"? He might not improbably object that "the only power—not himself of which he has any experience he names 'misfortune,' that it has the air of being 'eternal,' and that what it seems to 'make for' is starvation." And if his Neo-Christian teacher still insists that "to righteousness belongs happiness," and that, if he will only try, he "will find it is so," he is but too likely to reply, "I have tried, and I find it is not so. I have been righteous for thirty years, and I never had a stroke of luck in my life until to-day." One cannot but fear that the "sweet reasonableness" of pocketing the roll of altruistic banknotes would triumph over the austerer "emotion" and "eternal power," which "make," but make in vain, "for" the righteous happiness of restoring it to its owner. The plain fact is that, even if we consent for argument's sake to swallow wholesale the difficulties, philosophical and theological, of Mr. Arnold's fundamental postulates—and they are a pretty good mouthful—a practical difficulty remains behind, which is likely to prove still more fatal to the success of his Neo-Christian scheme. As Mr. Traill puts the case, "it is essentially a religion for the cultivated and comfortable, . . . an *article de luxe* suitable only for consumption by them and their like." In other words, if we may venture to throw the conclusion into a somewhat Hibernian formula, it is a religion admirably adapted for those, and those alone, who are so situated as to find that they do not want one.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY—MR. BRANDAM'S RECITAL.

AT the Prince's Theatre the ill-fated *Breaking a Butterfly* has been succeeded by an adaptation, by Mr. C. H. Hawtrej, of Von Moser's *Der Bibliothekar*, called *The Private Secretary*, a farcical comedy of the most pronounced type. In plays of this kind, ingenious situations and surprises that cunningly lie in ambush are the chief and most necessary attractions, construction being quite a secondary matter; the all-important aim is to present a series of humorous and unsuspected incidents, which inevitably lead to complications, and which should possess a certain coherent relationship. Where the initial *motif* is ill-devised and weak, the whole tissue of imbroglia to which it gives birth becomes weakened and strained, and the result is a gradually accelerating degeneracy to the fall of the curtain. It cannot be said that the ludicrous scenes of the last three acts of *The Private Secretary* are naturally evolved from what precedes them; they have no stable base for development in the first act. They are highly diverting and skilfully contrived; but they are deficient in that air of consistency which in farce is the substitute for uncompromising adherence to nature and probability. Many of the drollest situations are clearly foreseen; they excite laughter, not because they surprise by their un-

expected incongruity, but because they are so admirably realized by the actors. Deprived of the stimulus of such excellent impersonations as Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's Rev. Robert Spalding, Mr. Carton's Douglas Cattermole, and the Mr. Cattermole of Mr. W. J. Hill, the vital element of the piece would be found to be even weaker than it is now felt to be.

The original source of the confusion that turns a country house into a species of Bedlam for the enactment of the wildest extravagances lies in the difficulties of Harry Marsland, who, to escape their pressure, persuades his friend Douglas Cattermole to vacate his chambers in town and assume the character of the Rev. Robert Spalding at the seat of his uncle Marsland. In the meanwhile the real Simon Pure, who has accepted the post of private secretary to Mr. Marsland, is left by the two friends in possession of the chambers, in ignorance of the deception, so that Douglas Cattermole has to sustain the dual part of clergyman and private secretary. At the outset we learn that Douglas has a rich uncle who has just returned from India, and who will have nothing to do with him until, as he expresses it, he has "sown his wild oats," which operation Douglas assures his friend Harry he has no liking for. He does not object to taking the parson's place on his friend's suggestion that it might be a step towards satisfying his uncle's prejudice and might at the same time relieve his embarrassment. When, however, he is recognized in the last scene, his uncle is easily convinced as to his performances, though there is nothing but the escapade mentioned to justify his persuasion. This inconsistency, however, is slight in comparison with other instances. Nothing but perverse blindness and conscious ignoring on the part of all concerned of the obvious matter-of-fact state of affairs prevents the disclosure of the imposition. Every one plays the part of Mr. Wilful Won't-See, and Douglas Cattermole has an easy time of it. It is not so with the veritable secretary, the Rev. Robert Spalding, who suffers continual martyrdom from the moment when he is left in charge of young Cattermole's chambers to his appearance in the country. He suffers unspeakable indignity at the hands of old Cattermole, who takes him to be his nephew, and is disgusted by his blue ribbon, huge goloshes, pale famished face, and general asceticism. He has writs served on him, and is assaulted by one of Douglas Cattermole's creditors, and when the curtain falls on the first act Mr. Gibson, the creditor, is seen ejecting water from a syphon bottle on the unhappy parson, who, utterly crushed and limp from the unequal fight, has sunk under his open umbrella. The admirable get-up of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, and the thorough harmony of his acting, result in what is not only a happy conception, but one that is realized with remarkable thoroughness. Mr. W. J. Hill is, in his own peculiar style, excessively droll, and in the interview with his supposed nephew—the most comic scene in the play—he was perfectly irresistible in the incongruous association of his irate tones and radiant *bonhomie*, the contrast of his sudden passion and the astonishment of the bewildered parson. From this point there is much stout romping round tables and chairs, scenes of intricacy when the different characters meet in many rooms, and make strange acquaintance; the parson is pushed under a table while Harry Marsland and young Cattermole make love to the young ladies of the house; he is then confined to a chest, from which he issues, exhausted by his sufferings, only to frighten the household, to be taken for a burglar, and to suffer in divers ways incredible affronts.

Mr. G. W. Anson endows the part of a Bond Street tailor with a little too much vigour, though with humorous distinction; the Harry Marsland of Mr. Reeves Smith, while naturally brisk and pleasant, is marred by occasional faulty articulation, owing to over-rapidity of speech. Mr. Carton's Douglas Cattermole is thoroughly well studied, and is interpreted with all the nature and consistency possible. There is not indeed in any of these parts much opportunity of displaying the actor's art; Mr. A. Beaumont, who impersonates an M. F. H., is not seen at his best, and the young ladies, who are excellently represented by Miss Lucy Buckstone and Miss Tilbury, are not very prominent. Mrs. Stephens plays with considerable humour the spiritualist, Miss Ashford, and Mrs. Leigh Murray represents the housekeeper, Mrs. Stead. *The Private Secretary* is preceded by a version of Ferrier's *Chez l'Avocat*, entitled "Ga. 8*d.*," written by Mr. Beerbohm-Tree. The dialogue is very bright and animated, and is rendered with abundant spirit by the adapter and Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree.

The death, last Tuesday, of Miss Marie Litton (Mrs. W. Wybrow-Robertson) deprives the stage of an actress of individual power and peculiar charm, and whose success in the higher departments of dramatic art was as well demonstrated as her continual progression in excellence. At the Royal Aquarium Miss Litton's revivals of old comedies must be in every one's recollection, so completely were the spirit and flavour of the old drama transferred. In *As You Like It* the Rosalind of Miss Litton will long be remembered as peculiarly distinct, with a quality of fascination that admirably represented the Shakspearian character, and which must be considered among the most happy assumptions of this part that the modern stage has known. In the management of theatres Miss Litton's experience began at the Court in 1871, when her tenure was rendered memorable by the production of *The Happy Land and Brighton*; subsequently she appeared at the Haymarket in *The Wicked World*, and at the St. James's, the Princess's, and other houses in many and diverse parts, one of her last appearances being in *Moths* at the Olympic in 1882. Highly gifted by nature, with a rich and cultivated voice, and mobile, expressive features Miss Litton possessed the organization of an artist, combined with the developed fruits of

constant and conscientious study. The winning grace, the admirable humour, and urbane style of her *Rosalind*, its delicate insight and charming idyllism, are well-remembered qualities of an excellent impersonation.

In the notice of *Nita's First* last week the name of Mr. Perceval Clark was inadvertently printed Mr. Perceval Slark.

Mr. Brandram recited at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday, for the first time, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, this being his final appearance in London previous to his projected tour in America in the autumn. His rendering of the humour and pathos of Dickens's familiar story made this as excellent as any of the preceding recitals. The unflinching fluency with which the many complex descriptive passages and animated dialogue were given, while affording a remarkable instance of Mr. Brandram's power of memory, was even less striking than his admirable discrimination and the rich and varied intonation of his voice. The characters were dramatized with much power; the carrier and his wife, Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter, in particular, were presented with happy and spontaneous art. Scarcely less notable was the realization of the melodramatic situations, where the carrier discovers Dot's apparent infidelity, and where he takes his gun and stalks to the door with the intention of killing his guest. In the opening scene the reciter showed with wonderful power how the voice may endow with fresh vitality language in itself eloquent with life, and become the soul of speech. The dead pieces of the carrier's interior, the fireside, the quaint old clock, and, indeed, every little touch in the elaborate description, were vivified by Mr. Brandram as with individual presence, and with but slight aid from gesture; the voice of the speaker being artistically regarded as the legitimate vehicle of expression, and gesticulation merely as an auxiliary. *The Cricket on the Hearth*, as rendered on this occasion, is an important addition to Mr. Brandram's repertory of readings.

MESMERISM AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

THE different methods of science and superstition, or of common-sense and mysticism, in making a so-called "research" have been well illustrated lately by two lectures given at the Royal and London Institutions respectively by prominent Cambridge teachers. It would, indeed, have been well if the audience which listened to the Professor of Moral Philosophy discoursing naively at the London Institution on the results of Psychical Research, had given itself a few weeks afterwards the wholesome corrective of hearing and digesting the remarks of Mr. Langley on "The Physiological Aspects of Mesmerism." It was insisted on not long ago in these columns that the modern apostle of the occult, or, as he is more widely known, the Spiritualist or Psychic, clings always to mesmerism as the stronghold of his belief when he feels all other points of defence to be weak and yielding. For among the many phenomena which he dubs mesmeric, without any mark of relationship between them except that impressed upon them by his own mind, there do exist some which are facts indeed, and are not to be referred, with the most distinctive events of popular mesmerism, to wilful imposture and prearranged trickery. The Spiritualist is always eager to make friends with the Mammon of Materialism. It has been already amply shown that the substratum of fact in mesmerism is paralleled by well-known spontaneous occurrences in certain human subjects, quite apart from any method of making "passes" or so-called "electro-biology." Somnambulism, trance, catalepsy, and other abnormal states take place as examples of nervous disease, and what scientific men have denominated hypnotism covers everything called "mesmeric" which presents any case whatever for serious study. The somewhat morbid subjects of these hypnotic states, be their condition natural or induced, may of course be expected to fall into the hands of the charlatan and the mystery-monger more readily than into those of the physiologist or the doctor, and in these circumstances they furnish the only really plausible excuse for any importance that may be attached to the operations of the Psychical Researchers of the present day.

We should scarcely have reverted to this subject were it not for the fact that Professor Sidgwick's high reputation as a writer on moral philosophy lends a factitious importance to his utterances on subjects with which he is apparently far less competent to deal. The weight of personal names is great with the promoters and devotees of the psychical cultus, as is evidenced by the oft-repeated quotations we hear of certain well-known "authorities," and the constantly republished lists in the Spiritualistic organs of "Eminent persons who have satisfied themselves of the reality of some of the phenomena generally known as Psychical or Spiritualistic." Professor Sidgwick, in the strange statements and inferences contained in his lecture, has shown how easy it is when once the firm ground of fact is left behind to mount the most giddy heights of fancy with an apparently firm step; and it is not too much to say that he stands convicted of ignoring the very fundamental requirements of scientific research. It is enough for our present purpose to point these remarks by criticizing only his wondrous and really arrogant contention that the Psychical Research Society has definitely ascertained certain facts hitherto unrecognized or ignored by "science" through all time, and the monstrous conclusion that he calmly draws from these so-called facts, that there can be special and definite communications between mind and mind apart from all intervention of the senses. The Psychical Society, he says, has established, by a line of research strictly

experimental, that such communication or "thought-transference" can take place both when the persons experimented on are in a normal condition and in the abnormal state called mesmeric or hypnotic. To the unprejudiced observer, aware of the undoubted trickery existing in connexion with mesmerism, these two branches of inquiry seem much the same; but, by ignoring this aspect of the question for the moment, and thus avoiding any possible confusion in the mind of those ignorant of mesmerism, we may meet Mr. Sidgwick on his own ground, and consider only the case of what he denominates thought-transference in the normal state, or, as it is often called, "thought-reading without bodily contact," which is indeed, as he says, the special work of the Society. It is at once obvious that, considering all that we know of the mind is its expression by means of the senses, it is binding on any one who contends that the senses can be dispensed with in mental communication to show without shadow of doubt that every possible avenue of sensory intervention is completely blocked. Demonstration of this must be made without leaving any gaps to be filled up by appeal to the good faith of an individual; and, if such demonstration were forthcoming, no body of scientific men would refuse to entertain or investigate the questions they now most justifiably ignore. All would allow that the evidence of the impossibility of fraudulent collusion between the Professor's subjects—one of whom is alleged to have drawn, without any sensory communication, a donkey's head whose chosen counterpart was among the expectant audience—must be quite irrefragable before any person of ordinary common-sense could infer that there was anything else in the performance than an obvious trick by means of prearranged signals. And, until it can be shown that such an event has taken place in conditions where the mysterious draughtsman can neither see, hear, nor feel by any possibility, so long must the scientific man be content and willing to be called muddle-headed by Professor Sidgwick for maintaining that an alleged fact, which is in apparent contradiction to the whole sum of human knowledge, and is, moreover, perfectly explicable by the well-known and confessedly effective agency of fraud, is not worthy of any serious consideration. It is Professor Sidgwick's very imperfect appreciation of the difference between a fact and an inference, and his ambiguous use of the former word, that gives the only colour to his startlingly absurd parallel between nature and a bag of white and black balls, and is the only excuse for his inability to understand those who maintain a difference between what contradicts and what merely adds to experience. The Professor innocently argued that, if he pulled 999 white balls out of a bag, there would be no contradiction to this experience if the thousandth ball was black; implying by his comparison of the white balls with the ordinary experience of nature, and the black ball with the result of Psychical Research, that a scientific man would necessarily have concluded that all the balls in the bag were white. Such a conclusion would, of course, have been come to by no scientific man; and in this argument, which if perfectly ingenious is certainly pointless, Mr. Sidgwick fails entirely to see that the contention of the scientific man with regard to the "psychical" facts is that they are not facts, that the black ball is indeed white, and appears black to the Psychical Researcher only because of the element of fraud in its composition, which baffles his biased and trustful methods of inquiry. To this attitude of common-sense or science on the matter, and the challenge to reproduce the alleged facts under conditions exclusive of possible fraud, the Spiritualist has nothing to reply but the plaintive admission that "attempts to repeat these facts may very easily fail, the phenomenon being of a delicate nature, and the capacity for exhibiting them rare, transient, fitful, and easily disturbed." Is it not quite clear, then, that, until conditions exclusive of all acknowledged agencies be established, these "phenomena" must not be regarded as facts at all?

No fact, of course, can be in contradiction to other facts; but, when an alleged fact upsets conclusions drawn by the inductive method from an unlimited array of established facts, it is more than likely that it exists only in the mind of a prejudiced or careless observer, and is really a faulty inference from unsound data.

Mere allegations, destitute of proof, cannot be entertained by scientific inquirers. It is manifestly disingenuous to urge, as some Psychics do, that their "facts" are disallowed by science because they are distasteful and out of accord with its conclusions. The Royal Society, for instance, would refuse, and often has refused, to entertain a disquisition consisting of inferences resting on mere allegations, even though the conclusions it contained were in no way startling or even apparently out of harmony with established knowledge; and, on the other hand, were the required demonstration forthcoming, no paper would be rejected on account of its conclusions alone. In the early days of the Royal Society Sir Kenelm Digby essayed to demonstrate the virtues of certain so-called "sympathetic" remedies before that body, and to show that a spider could not escape when placed within a circle formed by the powdered horn of a rhinoceros. But the imprisoned spider escaped at once, the conditions not being favourable for the magical effects of the horn; and the Royal Society knew Sir Kenelm no more. If the Psychical Researchers could prevail upon the agencies they invoke to so arrange their conditions as to permit an expert, be he anatomist or conjurer, to block up all the avenues to the senses of the subject to be experimented on as a thought-reader, then doubtless there would be no lack of observers to witness the performance. But the existence of "phenomena" must be at first demonstrated by other means, before "delicacy," "evanescence," and gratuitous necessity

for special conditions can even plausibly be urged in support of their existence.

It would, indeed, seem obvious that this line of criticism of the methods of the Psychics is unanswerable, and that, continuing as they do to confound fact and fiction, and to ignore the demonstrated conclusions of the past on the flimsy evidence of simple statements, their ways should be considered vain and their doctrines worthy of no regard. It is only the doubtless well-meaning but, we must reluctantly say, ignorant advocacy of these ill-attested marvels by men of otherwise undisputed eminence that prevents the modern ghost-seers, and clairvoyants, and believers in haunted houses from dying a natural death, and makes it necessary that their otherwise inevitable fate of quietly stewing in their own juice should from time to time be disturbed. And, after all, these Psychics are not the only people who show this wonderful incapacity of appreciating the real nature of a fact. In a less grotesque form this fallacy meets us at every turn; and a salient example is at once furnished by some of the arguments used in the late famous alteration in the law courts regarding the existence of the sculptor's ghost. Learned judges undertook to lay down the important difference between a fact and an inference, and the "fact" of Brown, Jones, and Robinson having seen the sculptor at work on his statues was contrasted with the "inference" drawn by Royal Academicians, that certain work was not done by the sculptor in question. Now, quite independently of the practical issue of the matter, it is obvious that this statement of the case was logically misdirecting, whether the verdict be considered correct or not, and would have been equally so had the evidence of the experts been given in the plaintiff's favour. What was virtually put before the jury was, on the one hand, the inference that the artistic merit of the statues was due to Mr. Belt, because certain persons had seen him scraping a clay model; and, on the other, the inference of experts, from a variety of evidence, that certain artistic results were not attained by the work of Mr. Belt. The question here really turned on the comparative value of expert and non-expert inferences on a given subject; for it was not denied that at some stage or other the clay had been touched by the hand of the plaintiff. But the jury were in effect told that the evidence of witnesses to this latter performance was almost if not quite equivalent to the demonstration of the fact that the finished statue was the work of Mr. Belt alone.

It is the jealous and rigid investigation of facts which forms the most important characteristic of modern as opposed to ancient modes of thought; and when we remember that some of the greatest intellects of past ages, including the most learned judges, were imbued with the then universally prevailing belief in the possibility of witchcraft and sorcery, we may look more leniently on some of our prominent modern Psychics than we might otherwise be inclined to do. From this point of view, and regarding them as strangely preserved descendants from other times, we are not logically bound, as otherwise we should be, to take up a challenge thrown down by Professor Sidgwick in a lecture he gave at the inauguration of the now two-year-old Psychical Society; and "accuse the investigators of lying or cheating, or of a blindness and forgetfulness incompatible with any intellectual condition except absolute idiocy." We need call these gentlemen neither fools nor knaves; but, though they contend that in two years they have overthrown both physics and physiology by proving that tables can move themselves, and that men can hear and see without ears or eyes, we can regard them historically as interesting survivals from other mental systems. And though they move amongst us now, and talk in scientific dialect, they appear like intellectual mummies galvanized into a kind of pseudo-vitality by coming into chance contact with the electric currents of modern thought. Professor Sidgwick has himself amusingly said that "scientific credulity has been so long in growing, and has so many and so strong roots, that we shall only kill it, if we are able to kill it at all, as regards any of these questions, by burying it alive under a heap of facts. We must keep pegging away, and not wrangle too much with incredulous outsiders about the conclusiveness of any one experiment, but trust to the mass of evidence for conviction." Apart from Mr. Sidgwick's very obvious and self-condemning neglect here of the fact that the strength of a chain depends on its weakest link, as is shown by his preference of quantity to quality of evidence, and the implied admission of the flimsiness of his own arguments, can we not protest that the belief in witchcraft, which has had its day and ceased to be, was supported by a mass of evidence far greater than any that the modern Psychical Researcher can ever hope in this day to collect? Might not, as Sir Walter Scott says, in his *Letters on Demonology*, the believer in witchcraft say to the sceptic of those older days, "Will you dispute the existence of a crime against which our own statute-book and the code of all civilized countries have attested by laws upon which hundreds and thousands have been convicted, many or even most of whom have by their judicial confessions acknowledged their guilt and the justice of their punishment? It is a strange scepticism, they might add, which rejects the evidence of Scripture, of human legislation, and of the accused persons themselves." Do we not hear in these words, *mutatis mutandis*, the identical arguments of the Psychics of our own day?

It is refreshing to turn from the unconscious sophistries of men whose powers in other directions should encourage us to look for utterances more worthy of them, to the clear and instructive exposition of what is known as mesmerism, by Mr. Langley, in his lecture above referred to. He emphasized in an interesting manner the scientific contention that the basis of fact which has

been so unfortunately mixed up with clairvoyance and other trickery can be experimentally illustrated and explained by our present knowledge of nerve-action. Parallel instances occur and can be induced in the lower animals; and the lecturer showed the results of hypnotism to his audience by experiments on a frog and an alligator. Although no great advance in the study of hypnotic phenomena has been made since the writings of Dr. Braid on this subject appeared in 1841, yet it was shown by Mr. Langley that the more profound study of the action of the nervous system, and especially of what is called pre-eminently *reflex action*, or action without consciousness, has thrown a considerable light on the subject, and has enabled physiologists to state its explanation in more intelligible and accurate terms than before. The conclusion is perfectly clear from all that is known on the subject of spontaneous and artificial somnambulism, or hypnotism, that there is no connecting bridge whatever between these phenomena and what is popularly known as the "clairvoyant" stage of so-called mesmerism. It is convenient, of course, for the believers in the occult to maintain such a connexion, and to regard the latter as a mere extension or development of the former, so as to bolster up their gratuitous theory of some special power in the person who is called the mesmerizer. But the bright light of accurate investigation shows this favourite alliance to be a myth; and the last shred of the covering garment of truth is torn from the unsightly figure of modern psychical research.

CONCERTS.

THE ballad concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday was of that miscellaneous character which, even in these advanced days, is sometimes regarded as essential to popularity. The general public undoubtedly love ballads, particularly those that are contemporary, and that set forth with sickly and unheroic sentiment the ways of the bold British sailor, which must invariably prove to be strange to that popular hero as well as to the admirers of Dibdin. The reception given on this occasion to dull and commonplace songs, indifferently sung, clearly reveals the existence of a large class of people whose taste has been wholly uninfluenced by such concerts as the Monday Popular. An extremely friendly audience showed itself desirous of re-hearing every song, good, bad, or indifferent, and recalled all the execrations with amiable impartiality and most uncritical unanimity. This would be but a venial matter if the general execution had presented a dead surface of mediocrity; but it was an ill recognition of the beautiful voice and artistic style of Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the admirable quality of Mr. Barrington Foote's singing, and that of one or two others, to confound them with much that was meretricious in one flood of noisy applause. The inconsistency of such a proceeding—not to speak of its humorous incongruity in such a concert-room—was only worthy of a susceptible people to whom for the first time the missionaries of music were addressing themselves, and of whom discernment was not to be expected. The musical foreigner, who is always with us, must have imagined himself in some *ultima Thule* of the provinces, instead of in a hall consecrated to music and enriched with innumerable and splendid associations. It is to be hoped he will charitably correct this natural view, and consider the phenomenon as a fresh eccentric phase of our inscrutable social existence.

The programme was sufficiently diversified to illustrate very forcibly the extreme range of modern songs. The higher quality of composition was represented by Blumenthal's "Far away, where angels dwell," expressively, but not faultlessly, sung by Mr. Iver McKay; Cowen's "I hear thee speak of a better land," and Odoardo Barri's "Patchwork," both rendered with touching pathos and admirable art by Mme. Sterling. "The Brave Light," given with dramatic power by Mr. Barrington Foote, occupied an intermediate position; and the same singer's fine and resonant voice was heard to great advantage in Molloy's "The Way of the World." Mme. Adelina Hirslemann sang "Voi che sapete," and was very successful in two other songs. In Wekerlin's pretty and characteristic song, "The Wood," Miss Alice Fripp sang in a style very superior to her interpretation of Gounod's "Ave Maria," which was lacking in expression and delicacy. Masini's pleasing and striking duet, "I Mulattieri," was sung with excellent effect by Mr. Treherne and Mr. Ernest Cecil. In some violin solos by Papini and De Beriot, Miss Amy Hickling was a little uneven, her tone thin, and her execution characterized by an indecision which may be the result of nervousness, but had more the appearance of the inexperience of a young artist. The most successful of Mme. Zimeri's performances was her rendering of Dessauer's bolero, "Ouvrez, ouvrez," which was executed with facile precision and considerable grace of expression. Signor Carlo Ducci's pianoforte-playing and Mr. Arthur Lawrence's recitals must be considered as not the least strange anomalies in the evening's entertainment. The chief accompanists were Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mme. Mina Gould.

On Saturday last at the Crystal Palace, Beethoven's Choral No. 9 was performed, and naturally the whole of the programme was subordinated to this great work. An excellent quartette had been secured—Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Marion Mackenzie, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Mr. Frederick King. Take it for all in all, the performance was thoroughly good. The Crystal Palace choir, to which was allotted the choral part of the symphony, has greatly improved since we last had an opportunity of

hearing it. Their attack is much better, and the general quality of tone of the various parts, and the intonation of the whole choir, are extremely good. It is evident that, with a few more public performances, and more frequent opportunities of singing together, this choir might well take rank among the first in this country. To the performance of the band we have nothing but praise to give, and Mr. Manns conducted the work throughout in thorough sympathy with the great composer. The programme began with the Overture to the *Nozze di Figaro*, of Mozart, and from the first moment it became evident that in the last week the band had made enormous progress where progress seemed almost impossible. Few orchestral works give such a delicate test of perfect attack, power, delicacy, and subordination of a band to its conductor; but in no one of these points could the most fastidious critic find anything to complain of. Between the Overture and the Choral Symphony were interposed a series of songs, the first of which, an aria from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, was sung by Miss Annie Marriott, who was not heard to such advantage as a solo singer as she was later on in the concerted music. Two songs of Rubinstein's—"A Morning Song" and "Reveries"—were sung by Mr Harper Kearton. The songs themselves, though by no means unpleasing, were of a character to make one understand how it was really Rubinstein who composed *Il Demonio*. Mr. Harper Kearton has a pleasing voice, unfortunately so produced as to give it that throaty tone too common amongst modern tenors; but he is a vocalist of no mean ability, and a sympathetic artist. A pretty but somewhat strained and sentimental song, "Farewell," by F. E. Bache, was sung excellently by Miss Marion Mackenzie. After the Symphony, and in very pleasing contrast with it, from the restful tone of its earlier parts, came the prelude to *Lohengrin*, most admirably played by the band, which was followed by the "Evening Star" song from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, sung by Mr. Frederick King, who thoroughly justified his position as one of our first young English vocalists. Then came the overture to the *Tannhäuser* of Wagner, and in spite of the fatigue which must have been produced by having gone through so heavy a work as the Choral Symphony, Mr. Manns and his band succeeded in giving one of the finest performances of this work that has ever been heard in this country, as full of fire and freshness as if conductor and band had had complete rest for hours before attacking this trying work. The performance of this work gives us an opportunity of referring to the marvellous excellence both in quality of tone and in executive ability of the wood-wind band of this orchestra, which was heard to very great advantage in the earlier part of the Overture; indeed the performance of this work was so remarkable, that it dulle all the praise we feel we ought to have bestowed on the other orchestral numbers of the programme, which, though all played in most excellent style, were as nothing compared with the remarkable ability of both conductor and orchestra shown in this Overture. Before the concert began the Dead March in *Saul* was performed as a mark of respect to the memory of the Duke of Albany.

THE RACING SEASON.

THE prospects of the racing season which has lately opened have been anything but bright. If one name was more honoured on the Turf than any other, it was that of Lord Falmouth, and few of its patrons have been more successful. The more credit is due to him in that he bred most of his own racehorses. Indeed, if he had never trained a horse in his life, he would have been well known among racing men for his skill and success as a breeder; but as it was, it would not be too much to say that he was the corner-stone of the Turf, and when the evil practices of certain owners of racehorses came to light, and scandal after scandal threatened to lower the Turf to the level of thimble-rigging or card-sharpping, racing men always quoted Lord Falmouth, and argued that so long as such a paragon remained on it, the Turf could not be altogether corrupted. The racing season of 1883 had scarcely closed when it was announced that Lord Falmouth was going to sell all his racehorses and break up his breeding stud. No news of the kind had ever before caused such wailing and lamentations among racing men. Much about the same time one of the best known figures both on the English and on the French Turf left it for ever. Count Lagrange was an experienced judge of horses, racing, and men. His greatest triumphs were those gained by Gladiateur, who, however, turned out a complete failure at the stud. During a great part of his career on the Turf, Count Lagrange was the leading member of a confederacy, or private joint-stock racing and breeding company. For many years his name appeared as often as, if not oftener, than that of any other owner in the lists of nominations. But the losses to the English racecourse do not end with Count Lagrange. One of the most respected and successful racing families has been that of Grosvenor, and last season two generations of this great family were represented at the same time on our racecourses. The late Lord Grosvenor certainly inherited the family taste for racing, and when he died, he owned a tally which had ranked among the best two-year-olds of her year.

By the death of Count Lagrange the first favourite for the Derby was disqualified, and, from one cause or another, four of what were generally believed to be the best three-year-olds of the past season were excluded from the principal races. Some unpleasant racing scandals, and many disagreeable rumours about the proceedings of racing men in different positions of life, threw an additional

gloom over the prospects of the approaching racing season. The very season itself began with disaster. The first important race of the year is the Lincolnshire Handicap. Mr. Naylor owned the first favourite. This was Fulmen, a four-year-old which he had purchased last year at the sale of the late Prince Batthyany's stud for 5,000 guineas. It was believed by those who had the management of the horse that he would now be able to recoup his purchase-money with ample interest; moreover, it is said that he was backed, by different people, to win between seventy and eighty thousand pounds. All went well until a couple of days before the race, when the horse was to have started for Lincoln by the midday train. In the morning he went out for his usual exercise, and on returning, he was groomed and left for a time to himself. When it became time to prepare him for starting for the railway-station, it was found that he was in a profuse sweat and so lame that he could scarcely move. Mr. Barrow, the well-known veterinary surgeon, was at once called in, and pronounced the horse to have been cast in his box. At first it was feared that his back was injured, but on further examination a severely bruised pelvis was found to be the cause of the lameness. Of course, all idea of his running in the Lincolnshire Handicap was out of the question. So much for the risks of horseflesh! After the failure of Fulmen, Tonans became a strong favourite. It will be remembered that this horse ran fourth for the last Cesarewitch. This appeared to give him a great chance for the Cambridgeshire, and for that race he was only beaten a neck by Bendigo. In the Liverpool Autumn Cup he again ran second. After this he was made an equal favourite with Corrie Roy for the Shrewsbury Cup, but both the first favourites were beaten. He had to face twenty-eight opponents for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and he had 8 st. 4 lbs. to carry, but Wood rode him with admirable judgment, and he won the race with something in hand.

At the opening of the present season Hermit still maintains his great superiority over all the other stallions at present at the stud. The earnings of his stock last season were almost double those of any other stallion. The average price realized by his yearlings, too, was nearly double that of the produce of any other sire. One of his yearlings alone was sold for 2,550 guineas, and a four-year-old son of his, who had not particularly distinguished himself, was bought for breeding purposes for more than 4,000 guineas. So long as his yearlings sell for nearly 1,000*l.* a-piece, it seems fair enough that his fee should be 200 guineas. Twenty-six of his stock won more than 30,000*l.* in stakes last year, the principal winners being Tristan, the Adelaide filly, and St. Blaise, the winner of the Derby. Next to Hermit, Galopin was the most successful sire of last season, his stock having won about half the amount credited to the children of Hermit. More than half of these winnings were earned by Galliard alone, and it is reasonable to suppose that, if Fulmen had not been disqualified by the death of Count Batthyany, the winnings of the stock of Galopin might have been even higher. After Galopin's 15,000*l.*, we come to three stallions whose earnings are all about 11,000*l.* These are Speculum, Sterling, and the French horse Salvator. Speculum had two more winners than Hermit. In fact, more horses by Speculum than by any other sire won races last year. When we look through the list of his winning children, we find an average useful class of stock, rather than a few horses of exceptional merit. Sterling had not half as many winners as Speculum, but among them there were a couple of remarkable two-year-olds. One of these was Superba, who won between six and seven thousand pounds worth of stakes, and the other was the fine but backward Harvester. His filly, Cherry, also showed good form in the Cheveley Stakes, the only race in which she ran. Nine of the eleven thousand pounds earned by the stock of Salvator were won by Ossian, the winner of the St. Leger, and thirteen hundred were won, in a single race, by Elzevir. See-Saw's progeny won over 9,000*l.* last year, which was a great advance upon the amount of the previous season, and he had seventeen winners, whereas in 1882 he had only had ten. The running of these horses last year seems to show that the See-Saws train on. Censer, aged, Cylinder, a six-year-old, and Despair, a four-year-old, were all useful horses, if not first class. Nor was See-Saw badly represented among the two-year-olds, Kincardine having won 1,489*l.*, and Monotony 1,334*l.* Hampton, who had an extraordinary season for a young sire in 1882, maintained his ground in 1883, in the matter of the amount won by his stock. He had now, however, ten winners instead of five. Among his two-year-olds, Belinda, Duke of Richmond, and Perdita II. were all large winners. Rosicrucian stood eighth on the list, and he had seventeen winners. As usual, his yearlings sold at very high prices. Their average was only below that of Hermit and Doncaster, and one of them brought in 2,000 guineas, a price only beaten by the 2,500 guineas given for a colt by Hermit. The winner of last year's Oaks was by Macaroni; by whom also was Vista, the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes and the Great Yorkshire Handicap. It was unlucky for Macaroni that Macheath, whose two-year-old career promised great things, should have been unavoidably thrown on one side as a three-year-old. Springfield had some fast two-year-olds in Primavera, Royal Fern, and Spring Morn. Albert Victor was stronger in quantity than quality with his sixteen winners. Petrarch, after boasting but one winner in 1882, had eleven last season, who won 7,000*l.* His two-year-old Busybody, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, earned more than half of this amount. Avignon and Woodpecker also won good stakes. All the winners

by Petrarch were two-year-olds. Wenlock, who, like Petrarch, is a son of Lord Clifden, had nine winners in 1883, against five in 1882. His stock won almost the same amount as that of Petrarch. His son Deceiver won the Epsom Grand Prize of 3,837*l.*; and his two-year-olds, Whitelock, Marianne, and Wrekin, showed some very fair form. The first-named won 1,200*l.*, but 400*l.* of this was for a walk over. Lowlander's name stands among the list of sires whose stock won just under 7,000*l.*; but it is not unlikely that he may do much better some day, as he has hitherto had the misfortune of being mated with a good many unfashionably-bred mares. His filly Wild Thyme won more than 4,000*l.*; but he was unlucky in his very able five-year-old son, Lowland Chief, whose running was inconsistent. Camballo had a handsome, though rather short, two-year-old colt in Camlet, who won nearly 2,000*l.* The two-year-olds Cornelle and Scot-Free won large sums to the credit of Macgregor. Although Doncaster was eighteenth on the list of winning stallions, he was second in the sales, as regards the average prices of his yearlings; and he had a very smart two-year-old in Sandiway, who won little short of 4,000*l.* Queen's Messenger made a great advance last year in the amount of the winnings of his children, and his filly Reprieve was considered one of the best two-year-olds of the season. As a proof of her merit, she won over 5,000*l.* in stakes. Kisher promises yet to earn fame at the stud; for his two-year-old Eira won some 1,400*l.* last season, while Kinsky and Madrid also ran well, and won much the same amount between them. The winner of the Cesarewitch was by John Davies; and John Jones and Lizzie, by the same horse, won fair stakes. Wild Oats had as many as fifteen winners; but, with three or four exceptions, they were but platers. Beaulerc did not show a very large return of winnings; but his yearlings averaged 406*l.*, an average only beaten by the yearlings of Hermit, Doncaster, and Rosicrucian. One of his yearlings fetched 1,850 guineas. We may notice here that the average price realized by the thoroughbred yearlings sold last season was 237 guineas. In most cases this would be a remunerative price; but it must be remembered that the fee alone of three sires amounts to from 100 to 200 guineas, although it is but fair to say that the stock of these particular stallions repaid the outlay. Horses by several stallions that are dead won races last year. Among these defunct sires were Strathconan, Cremorne, Adventurer, Blair Athol, and Blue Gown. On the other hand, the stud has been strengthened by several young stallions of promise, such as Beau Brummel, Barcardine, Petronel, Retreat, and Foxhall.

There was a slight increase in the number of horses that ran last year, but it has often been greatly exceeded. The Duke of Hamilton's Ossian, Lord Falmouth's Galliard, Mr. Lefevre's Tristran, Lord Alington's St. Blaise, Mr. Peck's Superba, and the late Lord Grosvenor's Reprieve were some of the largest winners. About two-fifths of the horses that ran won races, and their average winnings were something under 500*l.* The amount run for in stakes, equally divided amongst all the racehorses that took part in races during the season of 1883 would scarcely have produced 200*l.* a-piece, which, considering the cost of breeding, trainer's bills, forfeits, jockeys' fees, and travelling expenses, would be anything but a satisfactory return. This shows how hard it is to make racing pay without betting; yet if one bets, one will probably be ruined. Altogether, racing can scarcely be considered a remunerative enterprise.

THE REVENUE RETURNS.

THE Revenue Returns for the financial year ended with Monday last are not quite as satisfactory as they promised to be when we were last writing on the subject. The total receipts amount to 87,205,184*l.*, which is 656,000*l.* above Mr. Childers's estimate last April, allowing for the introduction of the Parcels Post, on the one hand, and for the non-introduction of sixpenny telegrams on the other. There has been a remarkable falling off in the rate of collection of the taxes during the month of March. During January and February the weekly receipts averaged 2,177,000*l.*; but during March they did not quite reach 1½ million. There was thus in the last four weeks of the financial year, compared with the preceding nine weeks, a falling off in the average weekly receipts of about 427,000*l.* On the other hand, the expenditure has considerably increased. Up to the night of Saturday, March 22nd, the expenditure had been greatly behind the estimate; but during the last week of the year the outlay so greatly increased that the total for the year is about 87 millions. The return of expenditure is so framed as to present an accurate calculation of the outlay for the purpose of keeping up interest in the forthcoming Budget statement; but the margin of error is so small that we may roughly say there is a realized surplus of about 200,000*l.* It will be recollected that Mr. Childers lately took power to pay to the Indian Government half a million sterling which would not be due until the new year. In 1880 Parliament voted 5 millions to India in part payment of the costs of the Afghan War. Two millions had been previously lent by the Beaconsfield Government, and were then made a free gift, and 3 millions additional were to be paid in annual instalments of half a million. The instalment falling due in the year on which we have now entered was paid last week. Adding this payment, which did not properly belong to the year, to the above surplus of 200,000*l.*, we get a total surplus for the year of about 700,000*l.* The total expenditure, as estimated in the Budget, was 85,789,000*l.* There has thus been

an increase of over 1,200,000*l.*, from which, of course, we have to deduct the half-million prepaid to India, leaving the actual increase over the Budget estimate about 700,000*l.*, due mainly to the Soudan expedition. Some of our daily contemporaries regard the falling off in the receipts during March as evidence that the condition of the country is deteriorating. We, however, are not prepared to look upon it in that light. The falling off occurs almost entirely in Income-tax, Stamps, Customs and Excise, and Miscellaneous Revenue. As the Income-tax was reduced by three-halfpence, the falling off under that head was fully expected. Indeed, for the year the tax proved far more productive than had been anticipated. Mr. Childers last April estimated that in consequence of the reduction there would be a falling off of 2,135,000*l.*; but the actual falling off has been only 1,182,000*l.*, or not much more than half the estimate. During the last quarter, indeed, the falling off amounted to over 2 millions; but in the last quarter all the arrears at a higher rate had been already got in, and the tax at fivepence was comparing with the tax at sixpence-halfpenny. The falling off in Stamps again amounts to 221,000*l.* for the year and 251,000*l.* for the last quarter. It is greater, therefore, for the last quarter than for the whole year. This is explained partly by the fact that the reduction of the Railway Passenger Duty did not come into operation until the second half of the year, and partly by the complete collapse of speculation. When speculation on the Stock Exchange is active, the duties paid upon transfers of stocks go to swell the stamp duties, and when, as at present, it is dormant, that revenue falls off. Lastly, the revenue, no doubt, has been adversely affected by the extraordinarily fine winter, which has reduced the death-rate amongst the exceptionally wealthy as amongst all other classes.

In Customs and Excise together there is an increase for the year of 66,000*l.*, but a falling off for the last quarter of 277,000*l.*; and as Customs and Excise are usually looked upon as the best indices to the condition of the great mass of the population, our contemporaries infer that the consuming power of the people has been diminished during the past three months. It is to be recollected, however, that for several years now there has been a marked decline in the productiveness of the drink duties; and the figures just quoted show that temperate habits are still on the increase amongst us. It is true, no doubt, that this does not account for the marked falling off in the last three months, since there is no reason to suppose that temperance has spread with exceptional rapidity during the quarter. But there is another and a special cause which would account for the diminution in the drink duties. The provisional convention entered into with Spain has led to a general expectation that in the coming Budget Mr. Childers will greatly modify the wine duties; and if he undertakes to deal with the wine duties, it is not improbable that he may also find himself compelled in some way or other to deal with the spirit duties. In any case, it is natural to suppose that those engaged in the trade would pay as little as possible of the existing high duty, either upon wine or spirits, when it may be that in the course of a few weeks those duties will be reduced. A falling off, therefore, in the revenue from both spirits and wine was to be expected, and has in it nothing to surprise. The falling off, too, has been going on all through the quarter. Indeed, it would seem as if the deliveries out of bond for consumption had been kept down too low, for the decrease in the Customs and Excise as compared with the previous year was larger when the last weekly return was issued than it appears to be from the final return for the whole year. During the last seven days of the year, therefore, there must have been exceptionally large payments of duties. The argument we are here putting forward is borne out by the large consumption of tea. Up to the end of February there was a slight falling off in the consumption of tea compared with the previous year; but since the beginning of March the consumption has increased. And there is but little decrease in the consumption of sugar and coffee. Taking all the facts into consideration, then—bearing in mind how large the volume of business done throughout the country is, how well wages have been maintained, and how considerable is the employment given—we see no reason to suppose that the consuming power of the people has declined; while we find in the expectation that the wine duties will be reduced, a sufficient explanation of the marked falling off in Customs and Excise during the past three months. And the large yield of the Income-tax, to which we have already referred, further bears out the contention. As we have seen, the falling off in that tax, notwithstanding the reduction of three-halfpence, is little more than half what Mr. Childers estimated it would be last April. It is true, indeed, that all competent persons were satisfied that Mr. Childers's estimate was excessive; but, at the same time, few were prepared to find that the yield of the fivepenny tax would be so large as it has proved to be. Considering the complaints one hears of the condition of trade in all parts of the United Kingdom, of the long-continued depression in agriculture and the collapse of speculation, we should not have been surprised if the decrease in the Income-tax had been much more considerable than it has. The actual yield proves that the prosperity of the country is well maintained; that not only is the trade done very large, but that the profits it yields, if moderate, are substantial. There are not, of course, the large profits that are yielded in times of active speculation; but it is clear that the tax would not have yielded nearly 10½ millions if the incomes of property-owners were not increasing. Land-tax and House-duty show increases both for the quarter and for the year, and so does the Post Office. The increase in the Post

Office revenue for the year is as much as 430,000*l.*, and for the quarter actually 280,000*l.* The introduction of the Parcel Post thus would appear to be a financial success. The telegraph service for the year gives an increase of 35,000*l.*, though for the quarter there is a small decrease of 5,000*l.* But the most curious feature in the whole Return is the large diminution under the head of Miscellaneous Revenue. In his Budget statement Mr. Childers estimated that this revenue would decrease, compared with last year, 880,000*l.* The actual decrease is as much as 979,000*l.*, while for the quarter the decrease amounts to 586,000*l.* Mr. Childers failed to explain last April why he anticipated this large decrease, and it will be interesting to hear his statement in reference to it when he introduces the Budget. But what makes the falling off the more remarkable now is that the Indian Government has paid to the Home Government a million sterling on account of old army claims long outstanding. This million ought to be accounted for somewhere in the Return, and naturally one would expect to find it under the head of Miscellaneous Revenue; but it is clearly impossible that it can have been inserted there, as in that case the falling off in the Miscellaneous Revenue would amount to very nearly two millions. The Miscellaneous Revenue is made up of such a large number of items that its increase or decrease has no significance as regards the condition of the people; but a falling off of nearly a million of course seriously affects the Budget. If this revenue had proved moderately productive the result for the year would be much more satisfactory than it is. Indeed, the receipts from taxation proper are highly satisfactory and give a favourable view of the condition of the country. It is chiefly this Miscellaneous Revenue which has disappointed the promise given by the weekly returns issued up to a fortnight ago of a very large surplus.

As regards the coming Budget, it appears from the facts now stated that there is little room for fiscal reform. The arrears of Income-tax this year will be at the lower rate of fivepence in the pound, and, therefore, we must anticipate a falling off in the Income-tax compared with the past year of nearly half a million. Moreover, the sixpenny telegraph scheme will, we presume, be introduced, and last year that was estimated to cost about 170,000*l.*, while the Railway Passenger Duty applying to the whole year will likewise reduce the Stamp Duty. Altogether, therefore, the revenue on these grounds will lose from three-quarters to a million sterling. On the other hand, the growth of population and wealth are sure to make the remaining taxes more productive. Of late years the normal increase has amounted to about one per cent.; and, therefore, the falling off for the reasons stated above will be nearly, if not quite, balanced by the normal increase in the revenue. Still, as Mr. Childers last April under-estimated his income, he is likely to do so again; and probably, therefore, he will not look for much more than 86½ millions in the year we have now entered upon. On the other hand, the expenditure will be less, since the half-million due to India has been already prepaid. In the year just ended there were two instalments of the Indian subvention paid—the instalment due in the year and the instalment due this year. The year we have now entered upon is therefore exempt from any payment to India; and consequently the expenditure, which last year was 87 millions, will be cut down by a whole million. There has, it is true, been a slight increase in the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates, but the increase is unimportant; and, if Mr. Childers does not undertake to deal with the wine duties, he may estimate a revenue of 86½ millions with reasonable certainty, assuring to himself a small surplus. The probability, indeed, is that the revenue will be larger. If it should be, and if there should be no increase of expenditure on account of the Soudan or in some other unexpected quarter, he may be able to pay off the last half-million due to India, which, however, need not be paid until next year. There are several problems waiting for solution; the financial condition of Egypt, for instance, the fortification of our harbours, and various other matters. But perhaps Mr. Childers will deal with none of these in his Budget statement. There is no evidence as yet that the Government has adopted a definite Egyptian policy, and until it has done so, it can hardly be prepared to deal with the financial situation in Egypt; while the protection of our harbours would probably be undertaken with borrowed money, and would throw little charge on the current year. The wine duties question appears a more pressing one, though perhaps Mr. Childers may choose to leave that for decision when some final arrangement is arrived at with Spain.

REVIEWS.

SEELEY'S EXPANSION OF ENGLAND.*

REPRINTED lectures are apt to make somewhat thin and unsatisfactory books. This perhaps is only another way of saying that a great many lectures are thin and unsatisfactory, and that their lack of substance becomes more manifest in print.

* *The Expansion of England. Two Courses of Lectures.* By J. R. Seeley, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and Honorary Member of the Historical Society of Massachusetts. London: Macmillan & Co.

But the two courses of lectures which Professor Seeley has reprinted under the title of *The Expansion of England* are certainly not open to this reproach. They are, in fact, unusually solid and weighty, and should be read by all who study history, not for the mere love of romance or of antiquarianism, but for its bearing on "practical politics." We will let Professor Seeley, who has long been understood to hold that history ought not to be made entertaining—any more than medicine ought to be made nice—speak for himself on the true meaning, as he conceives it, of the interest of history. The passage quoted below forms the concluding paragraph of his book, but it will serve equally well here for an introduction:—

I am often told by those who, like myself, study the question how history should be taught, Oh, you must before all things make it interesting! I agree with them in a certain sense, but I give a different sense to the word interesting, a sense which after all is the original and proper one. By interesting they mean romantic, poetical, surprising; I do not try to make history interesting in this sense, because I have found that it cannot be done without adulterating history and mixing it with falsehood. But the word interesting does not properly mean romantic. That is interesting in the proper sense which affects our interests, which closely concerns us and is deeply important to us. I have tried to show you that the history of modern England from the beginning of the eighteenth century is interesting in this sense, because it is pregnant with great results which will affect the lives of ourselves and our children and the future greatness of our country. Make history interesting indeed! I cannot make history more interesting than it is, except by falsifying it. And therefore when I meet a person who does not find history interesting, it does not occur to me to alter history,—I try to alter him.

The least pleasant feature of the book is its author's appearance of contempt for all methods but his own. "Is it not evident," he asks, "that what we have hitherto called history is not history at all?" And as we turn over his pages, we come upon "the old school of historians, who, according to my view, lost themselves in mere narrative"; "our childish mode of arranging history"; "the slavish obeisqueness with which our historians follow the order of business fixed by Parliament"; "a foppish kind of history which aims only at literary display, which produces delightful books hovering between poetry and prose." He is peculiarly scornful of the school who "deny that history can establish any solid or important truths," who "can only see that it is exquisitely entertaining and delightful to call the past into life again, to see our ancestors in their costume as they lived, and to surprise them in the very act of doing their famous deeds." We feel some doubts as to whether there really is any historical school—for Thackeray, who is here quoted by Mr. Seeley, was hardly an historian—which denies that history has important truths to teach; though there may be one which holds that the true lesson of history is the knowledge of human nature which may be obtained by entering into the life and thought of past generations. The fact, as it seems to us, is that the lessons of history are many. From it one man may learn to understand the nature of human kind when acting together in masses—how they are swayed by religion, or by what they take to be religion, by patriotism, or by other motives; how far they make their government, or how far their government makes them. Another may search for light on the causes of social well or ill being; has not Mr. Lecky written, and with some truth, that the most momentous fact in the history of the eighteenth century is the sudden development of the passion for gin-drinking? Mr. Seeley has much to say upon eighteenth-century history, but he does not mention gin. He names "Wilkes and General Warrants" only with a sneer; yet, after all, general warrants have a practical bearing upon personal liberty, which is not a wholly unimportant thing; nor is it altogether unreasonable to study history with a view to the solution of the ever-recurring problem how best to reconcile order and authority with individual liberty. Some, following in the footsteps of the late Mr. Green, may look upon history as the biography of a people, and may think that Newton belongs to history just as much as Harley—an opinion which Professor Seeley expressly rejects. Yet another man may have no theories at all, and may read simply as the knights in the *Faerie Queene* read,

Burning both with fervent fire
Their countrys ancestry to understand;

and for our part we do not see that he is to blame. Mr. Seeley maintains that our object should be to "discover the laws of political growth and change," and, in the history of the eighteenth century, to contemplate what he calls "the foundation of Greater Britain." We have every respect for his view, but we plead for tolerance of other people's methods. Besides, there is always a suspicion of trade jealousy in the depreciation of one class of writers by another. One man has the knack of picturesque reproduction of the past; therefore he maintains that to be the historian's function. Another cannot be picturesque for the life of him, but he can extract from history what the Senior Wrangler could not extract from *Paradise Lost*—he can tell "what it proves." Consequently he is sure that this is the only function worthy of the historian. For ourselves, we are willing to listen to all in turn, and only request that each will refrain from abusing his neighbour's shop over the way. This touch of literary arrogance, and a tendency to repetition, both of thought and phraseology—as when the author speaks in one sentence of certain wars as being "the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World," and in the next sentence of their being, "as it were, the decisive campaign in that great world-struggle"—are about the only faults we have to find in the book.

The author's main point throughout is that the most important

fact in the history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is "the expansion of England," "the simple obvious fact of the extension of the English name into other countries of the globe, the foundation of Greater Britain." He admits that most people, if asked what is the general drift or goal of English history, would answer by pointing to the growth of what, for lack of a better name, we must call democracy. But he contends that this, though it excites more attention at the present moment, is in reality of minor importance:—

There is something very characteristic in the indifference which we show towards this mighty phenomenon of the diffusion of our race and the expansion of our state. We seem, as it were, to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind. While we were doing it, that is in the eighteenth century, we did not allow it to affect our imaginations or in any degree to change our ways of thinking; nor have we even now ceased to think of ourselves as simply a race inhabiting an island off the northern coast of the Continent of Europe. We constantly betray by our modes of speech that we do not reckon our colonies as really belonging to us; thus if we are asked what the English population is, it does not occur to us to reckon in the population of Canada and Australia. This fixed way of thinking has influenced our historians. It causes them, I think, to miss the true point of view in describing the eighteenth century. They make too much of the mere parliamentary wrangle and the agitations about liberty, in all which matters the eighteenth century of England was but a pale reflexion of the seventeenth. They do not perceive that in that century the history of England is not in England but in America and Asia.

In the next chapter Mr. Seeley roughly sketches the history of the eighteenth century, or rather of its foreign wars, which, as he says, are the chief events of the period. Here his work ought to prove of great use in exposing the fallacies so frequently uttered on the subject of these wars. We know how Mr. Bright and his disciples speak of them as the mere madness of kings and statesmen, and how the ordinary run of writers moralize over the criminal absurdity of our mixing ourselves up with questions of the succession to the Spanish throne, or of the interests of Maria Theresa or Frederick the Great. On the war of the Spanish Succession, which by reason of its dynastic-sounding name is in peculiarly ill odour, Mr. Seeley makes some good remarks:—

That war has such a splendour in our annals, and the title we give it, "War of the Spanish Succession," has such a monarchical ring, that we think it a good sample of the fantastic, barbaric, wasteful wars of the olden time. It is of this war that "little Peterkin" desires to know "what good came of it at last." In reality it is the most business-like of all our wars, and it was waged in the interest of English and Dutch merchants whose trade and livelihood were at stake.

The subsequent "trilogy of wars," as he happily phrases it—the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War, and the American War—he describes as "neither more nor less than the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World." His theory may perhaps be thought to be somewhat strained when he goes on to apply it to the wars which arose out of the French Revolution; and, indeed, he slurs over the pre-Napoleonic period, passing on at once to Napoleon and his designs upon Egypt and India:—

As in the American war France avenges on England her expulsion from the New World, so under Napoleon she makes Titanic efforts to recover her lost place there. This indeed is Napoleon's fixed view with regard to England. He sees in England never the island, the European State, but always the World-Empire, the network of dependencies and colonies and islands covering every sea, among which he was himself destined to find at last his prison and his grave.

It may be a question whether in dealing with the later Napoleonic war, that of 1803, he does not make too much of Napoleon's vague designs upon India. Napoleon undoubtedly "caressed," as the French phrase is, such projects; but he had so many countries to conquer by the way, that his ultimate designs remained little more than dreams. On the other hand, the author does not mention what would have considerably strengthened his theory about the New World—Pitt's vision of a conquest of Spanish America, which produced, though not till after Pitt's death, definite action in the shape of Beresford's fleeting success, and Whitelocke's and Crauford's failure, at Buenos Ayres. He speaks, however, of the destructive privateering war which the French kept up from the island of Mauritius long after their naval power had been destroyed at Trafalgar, and adds, "It was by the conquest of this island and its retention at the peace by England that the Hundred Years' War of England and France for the New World came to an end." All this is the more interesting in view of the present curious tentatives of France in the direction of foreign dominion.

It would take too long to go through the chapters dealing with colonial systems, ancient and modern, and we can only call attention to a passage here and there, especially to that in which the author treats of the value of colonies as "lands for the landless, prosperity and wealth for those in straitened circumstances." Finally, he discusses the practical question whether our present colonies must necessarily secede because those which now form the United States did so. It is usual to speak of the loss of the American colonies as not only inevitable, but as advantageous—an instance, he thinks, of "that curious kind of optimistic fatalism to which historians are liable."

From that Revolution we infer that all distant colonies, sooner or later, secede from the mother-country. We ought to infer only that they secede when they are held under the old colonial system.

Under what new system the present "Greater Britain" is to be held together Mr. Seeley does not undertake precisely to determine, though he throws out some hints of his ideas on the subject. His opinions on the probability and the desirability of the perma-

nence of what, in default of a more accurate name, we call our Empire are, at any rate, worthy of the consideration of that school which somewhat ungraciously bids the colonies leave us, and the sooner the better.

The second part of the book is composed of a course of lectures upon India, which show the same robustness of thought and absence of commonplace that characterize their predecessors. There is some quiet satire at the expense of the rhetorical speakers and writers who represent our conquest of India as "a standing miracle in politics, only to be explained by the heroic qualities of the English race and their natural genius for government," Mr. Seeley undertaking to show that it is an event which, when the circumstances are fairly and fully looked at, is not so very difficult to account for, and which did not demand such prodigious heroism. But he contends that on scientific examination the Indian Empire will be found to gain in historic what it loses in romantic interest. As however we have no further space to quote or even to condense his opinions, we must refer our readers to the book itself. It is not one which will please those who incline either to what he calls "the bombastic school," or to the sentimental. He does not believe in "the blood of the Vikings," nor in the intrinsic glory of an Empire "upon which the sun never sets." But, on the other hand, he treats historic facts in a spirit which to sentimentalists may appear almost Machiavellian. His business as a historian, he contends, is to find out how things came about, not how they ought to have come about; he refuses to be troubled with subtle questions about the lawfulness of past conquests, and he scorns those readers of the past generation—are they so wholly of the past?—who held "that there is nothing good in politics but liberty," and nothing worth reading about in history but the progress of liberty. In short, from first to last there is a great deal of common sense in the book; and this is rather an uncommon merit.

FOUR NOVELS.*

OF the four books before us *Vestigia* is undoubtedly the best. It is a very pleasantly written book, one that it is impossible to read without feeling it to be the work of a lady—and we use the word not merely as a polite synonym for woman. There is absolutely nothing in the book from beginning to end that offends against good taste—unless a reader should be so fastidious as to object to the uncompromising English "Damn" by which the writer, somewhat frequently perhaps, seeks to represent the spirit of swearing where the Italian original would fail to convey to her readers more than the outward semblance of an expletive. For the scene is laid in Italy, and the people are Italians. But—and this is the fundamental weakness of the book—the characters might belong as well to any other nationality, and most of all to that of their literary parent. *Culum non animum*. They live under an Italian sky, and are called by appropriate names; but there is nothing distinctively national about their characters or views of life. They are simply men and women; but that they are men and women, and not animated dummies, is, after all, a good deal for novel-readers to be thankful for. It requires something more, however, than Italian names and scenery and a liberal sprinkling of Italian words and phrases to make a *Romola*. The story is slender, and, in the first volume, it must be confessed, rather dull; but in the second we get along faster, and the interest is well sustained to the end. 'Dino, the hero, a lad in humble life, gets involved with some (very amateur) conspirators, who select him to attempt the King's life. Horrified as he is, there seems no sufficient reason why he should be unable to draw back; but he has imbibed or inherited some odd notions, and feels himself bound by a code of false honour, to which he adheres with misdirected quixotism. The struggles of his really fine and honest nature between this and the true call of duty, which lies in the direction of the lovable little daughter of his benefactor—a rough and hearty, extremely British old fisherman—are very skilfully portrayed. The scene in which he tells the old man he has other duties, which he cannot surrender even for the sake of marrying Italia, and the description of his feelings and doings just before the fatal day, contain elements of no inconsiderable power. And if the same cannot be said of the parting interview between the lovers on the eve of 'Dino's departure on his uncongenial mission, the situation may at least claim the merit of novelty—their accidental moonlight meeting being brought about on the surface of a "large red buoy" bobbing about in the harbour! The title seems singularly inappropriate, since in the last chapter, giving the key to its meaning in the heading *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*, the hero is turning his steps back to honest life and pretty little Italia; having at the last moment been saved from the commission of the dreaded act imposed upon him. How all this comes about, readers of novels will not regret finding out for themselves by reading these two unpretending little volumes.

Uncle George's Money is one of the numerous class of books of which it is difficult to know exactly what to say without criti-

* *Vestigia*. By George Fleming. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Uncle George's Money. By S. C. Bridgeman. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

For Love and Duty. By Elmond Garth-Thornton. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

Cherry. By Mrs. C. Read. 3 vols. London: John and Robert Maxwell.

fixing it analytically, and it is scarcely worth that. It is neither very good, nor very bad, nor in any respect remarkable or original; a book of the regulation pattern, which makes one doubt whether all the novels really are written by different people, or are not, rather, being endlessly ground out by some huge machine, like carpets or cretonnes. The title tells us the kind of thing we may expect; and we have the same old familiar friends doing the same sort of things, as they have been doing them any time this quarter of a century. We have the wise and the unwise, the selfish and the unselfish people, the true-hearted and the cold-hearted, and the people with no hearts at all, and so on through all the virtues and some of the vices—though we are happily spared all the less reputable and presentable forms of vice. One apparently unconscious piece of humorous inconsequence we cannot refrain from quoting:—"The higher life," it is said, "was unknown to him; he had lived like his neighbours, as far as his income allowed; nay, even further!" For plot, the various sets of lovers are dancing, as it were, all through the book a kind of cotillon in real life, in which of course, after all the kaleidoscopic changes of partners are over, each couple comes out properly matched at the end. Meanwhile, those more immediately concerned are industriously playing "hunt the slipper" with "Uncle George's money," each eagerly insisting on passing it on to his neighbour in the circle, and determined himself to be rid of it, with such effect that, at the end of the game, they positively manage to lose half of it altogether in very earnest by the smashing of a bank! However, the individual who happens to be sitting on the slipper at the time seems so thoroughly pleased at the loss that it would be useless for us to regret it. Of the characters, the here inevitable, rich old uncle is really almost too impossibly rude to his relations even for a "rich old uncle." Lady Keith, the representative of the ladylike, sensible (not to say, sententious) woman type of character, is well drawn; so is—but there are too many figures for individual mention. The book is by no means badly written; it has many negative and some positive good qualities; of the latter class is the important one—in a book—of being eminently readable; the story never flags. And for negative recommendations it can boast the complete absence of sensationalism, animalism, and vulgarity. It may, in fact, be "warranted sound and free from vice," as its own one-time slangy, horsey Maggie would have said. Maggie, by the way, nearly wrecks her happiness for ever by smoking a cigar on the box-seat of a drag. It would be interesting to know how many scores of fast young ladies have got into trouble, in novels, in the selfsame manner, since poor dear Kate Coventry's famous escapade.

A very different kind of book from either of the foregoing is *For Love and Duty*. It is not always easy to know to which sex a very young and inexperienced novelist belongs; nor in such cases is the question of any importance. So, without troubling to search too closely for clues from internal evidence (though "Is there no *viâ media*?" (sic) looks feminine), we will give the epicene name of "Elmond" on the title-page the benefit of the doubt, and speak of the author in the masculine gender, using it, in the comprehensive sense given to it by the interpretation clause of Acts of Parliament, as "including the feminine." This book is further described as "A Romance of the Peerage." To the experienced eye the addition suggests misgivings; and they do not prove unfounded. It is, indeed, "a romance" pure and simple so far as concerns "the peerage" and the manners and customs of the people connected therewith. Why will people write about the peerage without even so much outside knowledge of it as could be gleaned in five minutes from the most ordinary and accessible books of reference? Here is a young person, who must needs write "A Romance of the Peerage," calling "the only son and heir" of an earl "Lord Rupert Dracey." Nor is this a casual slip; he is so styled more than once, in the first few pages, before he comes to the earldom, interchangeably with what appears his proper designation of Viscount Dracey. And his father before him is referred to later on as "Lord Eustace Dracey" before coming into the peerage on the death of his father. Any one could have told the writer that the eldest son of an earl takes by courtesy his father's second title, and that by no possibility could any son of an earl be called Lord Rupert, or Lord Eustace, or Lord anything else Dracey. After this we need not be surprised that all the people "my lord" and "my lady" each other up and down the pages in the most familiar intercourse; nor that, when three or four of them are sitting together at a private luncheon-table, they speak of, or rather at, one another as "my lord bishop" and "the right honourable and learned lord." All this might have been passed over with a word of advice to the writer to leave alone the peerage. But there is a far more serious offence behind. The story being (as we shall see presently) sensational and unpleasant, the writer, nevertheless, not content with peopling his tale with imaginary lords and ladies, has had the shockingly bad taste to drag in among them, under the thinnest disguise, a well-known lady of rank. So much for the "romance" of the "peerage." And what of the romance of the story itself? If a supposed bigamy (on which the whole plot turns), another bigamy contemplated, one actual murder, one cruel and revolting attempt (believed by the perpetrator to have succeeded) on the part of a wife to murder her husband, to say nothing of forgeries, perjuries, and other such small fry among crimes—if such materials constitute a romance, then *Love and Duty* is romantic; otherwise not. Of a story so constructed our readers will hardly expect or desire us to give much account. However, the cardinal points may be explained in a few words. On the death

of a certain Earl of Glenalan, leaving a wife and children, a strange woman appears on the scene, and claims to have been his wife from a time anterior to his avowed marriage. She was one of two sisters, to one of whom, it is shown beyond doubt by parish registers, Lord Glenalan had been married; that one had died shortly afterwards, and the husband married again. The other, to whom Lord Glenalan had always made an allowance, falsifies the register of her sister's burial by substituting her own name for that of her deceased sister; and, at the Earl's death, fortified by the marriage-register and the compromising fact of the annuity, personates his deceased wife. It does not seem to occur to any one that there is anything suspicious in her having thus awaited the death of the Earl. Nor do the legal gentlemen concerned, or the friends of the ousted family, among whom is an ex-Lord Chancellor (the "right honourable and learned lord" above referred to), for a moment question the identity of the claimant, though there are indications in the first few chapters that disclose at once to the most uninitiated of novel-readers the true state of the case. On the contrary, so plainly sustainable does the claim appear to these simple-minded folk, including the "eminent firm of solicitors" engaged and the ex-Chancellor, that the case is not fought, the young lord "chivalrously" preferring to give up everything without a struggle. Of course he comes to his own again in good time—that is to say, after occasion has been afforded for a sufficient number of murders, &c. It remains to add that in one at least of the scenes there is promise that the author is capable of better things. But if he would succeed in turning what promise there is to any good account, let the writer follow better models, eschew the peerage, and in other respects, too, be a little less ambitious. Above all, let him seek, by avoiding for ever any repetition of such an offence, to atone for the painful impropriety above alluded to.

The title of *Cherry* is an excellent one. So highly does the author evidently appreciate its excellence that she has made it do duty for two stories, for the second of which, beginning in the middle of the second of the three volumes, all called "Cherry" on the title-pages, she could find no better heading than "Dead Sorrow's Kin"; and, as the title of *Cherry* is the strongest recommendation of both stories, perhaps she has done wisely. The heroine of *Cherry* proper, albeit an innocent and loyal country-bred girl throughout, yet gets entangled with her soldier-cousin, and has a declaration of love made to her by her husband's groom within three months of her marriage. Her father, a clergyman, is described as "apt to do things with a burst"; and his "most forcible form of exhortation" is said to be "Come, jump!" which we should have thought forcible enough for any one. But he is not alone in the vigour and terseness of his expressions. Cherry's husband, who is not in the least intended to be ill bred, replies to a lady in his own house, in the course of a particularly serious conversation, with the emphatic monosyllable, "Rot!" The "Radical" groom's favourite address to his superiors and others is "Curse you!" (hissed between his teeth), while the Vicar's younger children (one of whom appears to have been christened Friswig) habitually call each other "greedy pigs!" at table, which youthful ebullitions their elders, conscious no doubt of their own peculiarities in the matter of language, are too consistent to rebuke. For plot the story is dependent on the mental activity of a preternaturally wicked Frenchwoman, who, coming no one knows whence, quarters herself, as a kind of unprofessional "companion" to Cherry, on these amiable people, and, with no sufficient motive, but presumably "just out of badness," first poisons Cherry's favourite dog, then her horse (whereby she is thrown and nearly killed), and finally, with a well-founded confidence in every one's stupidity, proceeds, in the most open possible way, to poison Cherry herself; but the inconceivably blind people about, doctors and others, are at last told what has been so long going on under their noses, in time to save her life. The Frenchwoman disappears, and the Radical groom drowns himself the same night—a sad warning to advanced politicians. The climax of the story is to be looked for in the subsequent discovery of the identity of a Frenchwoman convicted in Paris of poisoning her aunt with Cherry's agreeable but rather dangerous "companion." And that is the end of *Cherry* proper.

In "Dead Sorrow's Kin" we are introduced to a gelatinous, out-at-elbows "ecclesiastical agent," his wife, with a turn for writing stories and talking Atheism-and-water, and a non-descript "gentleman of no occupation," who falls in love with the wife, and she with him. All three go out in a boat together and get capsized. The lover saves the wife, but has the presence of mind to hit the husband over the head, so that he is drowned. It is not worth while pursuing the story. The point that struck us as most worthy of note is that the gentleman of no occupation on rising from dinner "laid his napkin on the table." The simple and touching incident here recorded, in addition to the intrinsic interest naturally attaching to it, derives especial importance at the present time from the circumstance that the gifted author of *Don't* says the napkin should be placed on the chair.

THE RIVER CONGO.*

WHETHER General Gordon has the fortune to survive and go to the Congo or not, it is certain that the Congo should not be left, like Yarrow, unvisited. Mr. Johnston has spied out

* *The River Congo*. By H. H. Johnston, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

the land, penetrating to Stanley Pool, and his report proves, at least, the extraordinary natural wealth of the country. On the Congo every one can find what interests him most. The river tastes like weak tea, which just suits Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Here be orchids beyond the dreams of affluence and of Mr. Chamberlain. Here are birds, beasts, and flowers enough to occupy the attention of the whole Geological Society, and game enough to console the Scottish deer-stalker for all the enterprise of Mr. Bryce. Here are fish as big as salmon and delicious to eat, fish which have never had a fly cast over them, and perish by a dishonourable death in wicker-traps. Here are odd savages for the anthropologist, savages almost too hospitable, and apt to insist on the tourist taking to his arms all their marriageable daughters at once. Then there are fetishes and fetish-men, mysteries, mummeries, queer gods, like the Lampsacene, strange burials, and odd religions enough to occupy "agriologists" for years.

Concerning all these matters Mr. Johnston writes with plenty of intelligence, though he sometimes yields to temptation, and is a little facetious. Probably the facetiousness of travellers is the result of a creditable effort "to be jolly," like Mark Tapley, under difficulties. There are difficulties on the Congo. The mosquitoes, of course, make life hideous. The sudden rains, coming down with tropical violence, swamp the explorer's tent, and reduce his French novels to "a mass of yellow pap." This is the harder because Mr. Johnston found fiction and light literature the best pick-me-up and stimulant for the African traveller. Europeans in general prefer brandy and various "pegs," with results which may readily be predicted. The food, too, at least in the lower stations near the coast, is a dreadful diet of tinned meats. At first Mr. Johnston seems to have thought tinned meats capital fare, and revelled in (tinned) mock-turtle soup, salmon cutlets, lobster, roast beef, boiled mutton, potatoes, game patty, asparagus, and plum-pudding. These luxuries palled on him, however, before he reached page 56 in his narrative, and he confesses to preferring "plain roast goat, however tough, to the insipid contents of a tin, notwithstanding the attractive name it might bear in the menu." Another drawback to travel on the Congo and elsewhere is the enterprise of your crocodile. Mr. Johnston mentions the case of a man who was sailing down the river in a canoe, amusing himself by watching a crocodile swimming beside him. Suddenly the animal "rose" at him, like a trout at a fly, and seized the European by the leg. The crocodile was beaten off, but retreated with the foot of its victim. Fever is also apt to assail the tourist on the Congo. At first it affects him like champagne, making him feel wonderfully brilliant and clever; but the results are deplorable when the first exhilaration has passed away. The best way of preserving the health in Africa is to shun much strong drink and to eat often, if the food at hand be wholesome. Some soup should be taken the first thing in the morning. There is an "idiotic idea," according to Mr. Johnston, that in Africa "it is more heroic to conduct yourself like a martyr, undergo long periods of fasting, and generally pay little attention to how much or how often you eat and drink." This absurd notion "standeth in a false following" of Mungo Park, who, of course, ate little and seldom, because he had next to nothing to eat, being entirely devoid of circulating medium except the brass buttons of his coat, which he soon traded away. The modern explorer does not go out thus poorly equipped, but has plenty of cloth and plenty of beads. He must be careful to have the right cloth and the right beads for each district, as blue alone is sought for in some regions, while red or yellow cloth is the currency elsewhere; and there are places where cowries are still a legal tender.

An important point in Mr. Johnston's book is his belief in Mr. Stanley and in Mr. Stanley's success. Again and again his conviction that Mr. Stanley goes to work in the right way with the natives finds expression. They need to see a show of force; and in an attack on one of their stations they did see it, and learned their powerlessness in war with Europeans. This is Mr. Johnston's opinion; and perhaps the race which has just made such a remarkable show of force near Suakim has no right to find fault with proceedings that, on Mr. Johnston's showing, were not unnecessarily high-handed. Mr. Johnston even looks forward to the day when civilization shall have covered the Congo, and hotels with French names and twenty acres of primeval forest attached shall be found on every eligible site. But he admits the "degradation and banalité" that our commercial civilization carries with it into Argyleshire as much as into Africa. Perhaps his prophecies will not speedily be fulfilled. A letter in the *Standard* of April 1—a letter, to be sure, by a jealous explorer—averts that Mr. Stanley is by no means so prosperous and firmly established as Mr. Johnston found him. The local missionaries, it is pleasant to learn, are not of the flogging sort, like the Rev. Legrees of Biantyre, but are almost too mild in their dealings with their black flocks.

The native races of the Congo, after all, are more interesting than the flowers which Mr. Johnston draws so well, more interesting even than the birds to the student of the natural history of mankind. Here is a curious account of blacks at church, and of the extent to which they are influenced by Christian doctrine:—

When the missionary holds a Sunday service in King Kongo-Mpaka's house, some twenty or thirty idlers look in, in a genial way, to see what is going on, much as we might be present at any of their ceremonies. They behave very well, and imitate, with that exact mimicry which only the negro possesses, all our gestures and actions, so that a hasty observer

would conclude they were really touched by the service. They kneel down with an abandon of devotion, clasp their hands, and say "Amen" with a deep ventral enthusiasm. The missionary, on the occasion that I accompanied him, gave a short sermon in Fiole, well expressed considering the little time he had been studying the language. The king constantly took up the end of some phrase, and repeated it with patronising interest after the missionary, just to show how he was attending, throwing meanwhile a furtive glance at his wives, who were not pursuing their avocations outside with sufficient diligence. A short prayer concluded the service, and when the king rose from his knees, he promptly demanded the loan of a hand-screw to effect some alteration in his new canoe.

A missionary, however, is not without influence. In one instance a fetish-man or medicine-man had audaciously accused a stingy king of murder. This is deeply interesting. Early history, as in Vedic India, always shows us the chiefs at war with the sorcerers (when sorcerer and chief are not the same person), the Kshatriya striving against the Brahman, the State against the Church. Near Mayanga, the Church (that is, the fetish-man or spiritual power) had quite got the better of the secular arm. The wife of a sub-chief of the King of Dandanga fell ill and died. The people do not, of course, believe in natural death. As among other savages all natural deaths are thought unnatural. The fetish-man was called in, as the Biraark would have been in Australia, to discover the murderer. He fixed on the King Mlongo, who would have been compelled to undergo the ordeal of "poison water" had a missionary not arrived and rescued the monarch. Like the Cambridge cad who wanted money to "drink the health" of the undergraduate who had rescued his child from drowning, the King showed his gratitude by begging for cloth. Probably the fetish-man will be even with him yet, the black Becket will master the miserable black Henry. A fetish-house, the temple of native religion (as far as they have a religion) is rather aesthetic. The walls are decorated with European plates, like a drawing-room in Kensington. Inside the house is a mound of clay, adorned with patterns in coloured pebbles. On each side of the mound are Priapean statues, as in the Admiralty Islands, executed with curious realism. Schweinfurth also remarked the realism of art among the Bongos, where it is carried to extraordinary lengths. When a man has been murdered, and the criminal is unknown, a friend will give a dinner to all the neighbours. After dinner he will introduce a coloured image of the deceased so exactly like him, that the conscience of the malefactor generally betrays him into a terrified confession. Mr. Johnston remarked, on the Congo, "the great resemblance these figures bear to native men and women, and the clever manner in which they were carved and painted."

The tribes of men in the Congo basin belong chiefly to the Bantu family, which spreads from the Ovahereroes in the southwest to the Victoria Nyanza, and is distinct from negroes, negroids, Hottentots, and Bushmen. On the Upper Congo there is also a dwarf race, who may possibly be degraded Bantus; they are hairy like the Bantus, and their language (about as much is known of it as of Pictish) resembles Bantu. The Bantu type becomes finer, almost Greek in physical perfection of form, as you penetrate further into the interior. The chief vice is the hideous cruelty of witch trials, in which the Ba Kongo almost rival the Puritan Fathers. Chastity is unknown, and jealousy by no means plays the part which Sir Henry Maine assigns to it in the development of the early human family. The rites with which Greece adored Dionysus, Hermes, and the Lampsacene, are most prevalent where morals are least licentious, and these rites are said to be "a solemn mystery to the Congo native." Connected with this are the initiatory ceremonies when boys enter on manhood. They are much the same as in Australia, America, and among savage races generally. Instead of warning people out of their way with the Bull-roarer, like the Australians, the Congo initiates make "a sort of drumming noise like dur-r-r-r." The initiates, as in Greece, are plastered over with white clay, a practice almost universal in mysteries. Had Lobeck known all that we know about the mysteries of savage peoples, he could greatly have strengthened his case as argued in *Aglaophamus*. Perhaps the Congo people throw light on another Greek problem. What was the language of the gods, so often mentioned by Homer, in which things have not the names given them in the speech of men? Can it have been a survival of a mystic, esoteric lingo which, on the Congo, as among the Eskimo and the early Irish, is employed by conjurers, priests, Angakuts, and Bretons? Mr. Johnston thus describes the spiritual speech on the Congo:—

A curious part of these semi-religious rites is the acquiring of a sacred mysterious language, which is taught by the *nyanga*, who presides over these ceremonies, to the disciples who are being circumcised and gathered into the confraternity. This language is never taught to females, and as yet no European has been able to examine its nature. I have heard men discoursing in it, as they do freely, and there were most of the Bantu prefixes and concords recognisable in their speech, though the actual words were unfamiliar. It might possibly be some older and more archaic form of Bantu language conserved for religious purposes—like the Sanskrit, the old Slavonic, and the Latin—or it may be nothing more than an arbitrary transmutation of words such as is found in the Mpongwe, or in such artificial dialects as the Ki-nyame of Zanzibar.

We may also compare the esoteric slang, once compulsory at Winchester, and the "secret speech" of little boys and girls in America. Children and boys naturally evolve the same queer freaks as savages. In addition to a "vague phallic worship," there is a good deal of moon-worship on the Congo, as among the Hottentots. There is a deity of small-pox, and, as in India, most diseases are supposed to be evil spirits. Among some tribes Mr. Johnston, like Dr. Schweinfurth, found scarcely any religion, but there was ancestor-worship, and to express their "shadowy idea of

a god they always employ a term that is identical with heaven or sky," like Zeus and Varuna. A future life is believed in, or slaves would not be slaughtered at the graves of chiefs. Plates and knives buried with the dead are broken too, that they may die, and their spirit be released to accompany the departed. Unlike the Bongos, but like the Romans, the people of the Congo think dog's flesh a luxury. The mechanical arts are tolerably advanced, and the pottery not ungraceful. The lyre has only five strings.

Such are the people of the Congo, hesitating between higher savagery and lower barbarism. Their future is in the hands of European trade, and we have little doubt that they have seen their happiest days.

Mr. Johnston's drawings on the wood are very adequately engraved and useful; his etchings, we fear, it is impossible to praise. Many of his studies of heads, of flowers, of landscape, and of articles like native utensils are very spirited, and greatly add to the value of his excellent book.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THIS is a reissue in a more popular, but less portable, form of a book which is at once too popular in style to suit the taste of the learned, and too learned to be widely studied, though it may have, and probably will have, in its present shape an extensive sale. It appears now as a somewhat cumbersome quarto, just the book for a school prize, with more than three hundred illustrations, some of them rather remotely pertinent to the subject, and all of them more remarkable for vigorous effect than for careful or artistic engraving. The mixed aim of the Archdeacon's work has had its effect on its performance. His chief object, he says, was to give a clear impression of St. Paul's teaching—i.e. of the inner heart of the man himself, and of the circumstances amid which he taught and wrote; and no one will question that he has chosen the best means of giving life and reality to the Epistles by incorporating them with the biography. They are thus read, so to speak, where and when they were written, with their local colouring fresh on them, and with such advantage as may be gained from the Canon's translation—a translation which aims almost solely at being easily understood. This we regard as far the best part of his work, and as it is incomparably the hardest part, and is not only relatively but absolutely well done, he may congratulate himself on success. It is much easier for one who like the writer has seen something of the East, and is widely read in its literature, to imagine the material surroundings of the Court at Caesarea and the theatre at Ephesus than to transplant himself into the thick of the metaphysical and theological controversies which suggested or have left their marks on more than one of the Epistles of St. Paul. But, though this is the best part of the book, we fear it will be the least read—ordinary readers of Canon Farrar will know where to look for the "purple panni," and will get what they want. It is painful to find a book of really vast learning and of labour, such as hardly any one but the author would have undertaken in such a busy life as his, disfigured, we must say, by such almost slang phrases as "justices' justice," "their worship," "their Proctorships," used of the *Daumviri* at Philippi. It is a relief to turn from such a passage to the narrative of the shipwreck, related not with passion like the other, but with feeling both for the geographical and nautical questions involved in it, and for the simple greatness of the hero of the scene. Conybeare's and Howson's volumes on the same subject seemed, when they were written, to be exhaustive; but Canon Farrar has the unquestioned merit of supplying a deficiency in the former work by his treatment of the Epistles. The book, however, is not a mere supplement, but has an individuality of its own, and that in its most valuable portion; it is to be regretted that in other parts it exhibits sometimes too much of the least admirable tendency of the writer's mind.

The title of Mr. Bardley's volume might suggest that it was another contribution to a kind of religious writing of which we have had too much lately—we mean speculation about the character and conditions of the life to come. Readers who order it under that impression will find themselves mistaken. *The Veil* is the veil of nature which half-conceals and half-discloses God, and the writer seems to think that he has some qualifications for penetrating it, as he quotes of himself the saying of William of Bamberg, "Surely he who rained on Solomon hath also condescended to shed some few drops on me." His readers must decide this point for themselves, but his congregation appear to have made up their minds about it, for they have asked their Vicar to publish

* *The Life and Work of St. Paul.* By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: Cassell & Co.

Glimpses through the Veil. By Rev. J. W. Bardley. London: Nisbet & Co.

Over the Holy Land. By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

Isaiah of Jerusalem. By Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co.

Lectures on Pastoral Work. By the Bishop of Bedford. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

St. Paul's Use of the terms Flesh and Spirit. The Baird Lecture for 1882. By Rev. W. P. Dickson, D.D. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons.

Short Chapters on Buddhism Past and Present. By the Right Rev. J. H. Titecomb, first Bishop of Rangoon. London: The Religious Tract Society.

various courses of sermons. It is impossible for a reviewer to approve or condemn such sermons as these; they may not please learned readers, hard-headed congregations, nor practical preachers, but if they are the kind of discourses Mr. Bardley's congregation like, and find acceptance in the still wider circle of those who read such literature, there is no more to be said. Granting their aim and style, they are not badly done. The author has equipped himself with much information about the departments of nature in which he finds some of his "types" as may be culled from Wyville Thompson, Gosse, Maury, *The Cruise of the Challenger*, and other sources, and he shows signs of a breadth of reading on modern subjects of religious controversy which might well be imitated by more preachers. But we think he has not been sufficiently cautious in observing his own rule (laid down in his preface) and has sometimes strained his "types beyond the bounds of just and reasonable comparison." For instance, in the sermon on "Deep-sea Soundings," after giving the results of sounding and dredging, he says, "the depths of the sea afford a striking illustration of certain experiences of Christian life"; and here are the practical applications. The deepest sea is not unfathomable, so there are no depths of Christian trial which are not sooner or later proved to be fathomable. The deepest ocean teems with living organisms, so spiritual depression is quite consistent with the existence of spiritual life. "A shark can bear without inconvenience the pressure of half a ton on the square inch," so "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that we are able." As we said before, we pass no opinion on this kind of treatment of nature and Scripture; if it has its admirers, that is perhaps reason enough for publishing it; we have done our duty in giving our readers an idea of the character and contents of this volume.

Mr. Wylie defends himself for adding another to the many volumes already existing on the subject of the Holy Land, by the plea that he has read all the literature on the subject. His book, we are bound to say, justifies his implied misgiving. It is the work of a close observer, of a profound believer in the literal accuracy of every statement of the Bible, and of one who has, as he says, read a good deal about the country before he went to it. And it is more than this—for it is evidently the product of a mind which can infer, combine, and generalize from what it sees, and of a heart in the deepest sympathy with the sacred scenes that lay thick along the author's route. But we cannot say more; it falls under a book's last worst curse of not having been wanted, and of adding nothing fresh to what we knew before. Even the writer's staunch belief in Holy Scripture seems to have led him astray in matters of style, as when, in describing the scene of the battle of Gilboa, he gives a whole page of extract from the Books of Samuel, and in his apparent assumption generally that his readers are not well acquainted with the Old Testament. But the substance of his work, as well as its style, seem to us to be vitiated by what we must call a want of intelligent appreciation of the Book which he evidently loves so well, and believes so firmly. One of his objects is to show that it is quite possible to renew in Palestine its ancient fertility, and to restore the Jews to their own land, and he quotes Ezekiel to justify his hope; in fact, he says plainly that such a restoration would be a fulfilment of the prophecy in question. Surely this is a strange way of showing respect for Scripture. Ezekiel was the prophet of the Captivity; he prophesied the return from it, and the people to whom he prophesied did return. What ground is there in the Bible, in the teeth of many passages to the contrary, and of the whole tendency of Jewish circumstances and manners in our day, for believing that Ezekiel's prophecy was not fulfilled in the return, or that it will be fulfilled again? In one passage only do we detect the shadow of a shade of doubt in the author's mind, and that is when, in answer to an American clergyman who asked, as they were riding together down the valley of Ajalon, "Do you really believe that the sun stood still in this valley?" He "simply replied, 'The Bible says it,'" and "left his clerical friend to argue the point with the Bible." If we had not guessed the writer's nationality from his name, this "pawky" answer (we believe that is the word) would have revealed it.

Mr. Arnold's *Isaiah of Jerusalem* is, we believe, a reprint, more or less exact, of his translation of the first thirty-nine chapters of the Prophet, published some years ago, and of a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*. The title of his book is sufficient indication as to the side he takes in the controversy about the deuterio-Isaiah, and there is no need to go into the question further than to say that it is essential to the idea and plan of the present work to refer the last twenty-seven chapters, as well as certain passages mixed up with the first thirty-nine, to another hand. Mr. Arnold's theory has the merit of being complete and consistent. The book is divided into seven portions—namely, Preface, Calamities for Judah, Vision, Immanuel, The Burdens, The Woes, Sennacherib; and the keynotes of the volume are the names Immanuel (God with us), Shearjashub (Remnant shall return, i.e. be converted to God), and Maher-shalal-hashbaz (Spoil speedeth, prey hasteth). The names, so translated, tell their own story. The corruption of nobles and clergy and the misery of the lower classes call aloud for punishment, and the great Northern power, Assyria, is speeding to the spoil and hasting to the prey; nevertheless, "God is with us," and a "Remnant" will remain faithful to Him or will return to His allegiance, and the foe shall not triumph nor the threatened ruin overwhelm. Isaiah's denunciation of woes had their partial fulfilment in the victory of Sargon,

and his assurance of final escape in the destruction of Sennacherib's army. This was the culmination of his prophecy, as the period of it was the culminating point in his career as a statesman and a teacher. Sennacherib's ruinous failure was in 701 B.C., and was the real close of Isaiah's public life, which had covered the last half of the eighth century, though the prophet lived some time into the reign of Manasseh, and is said to have been murdered by him.

But quite as interesting a portion of Mr. Arnold's introduction to his own translation of the thirty-nine chapters is his plea for a translation which shall (1) preserve the rhythm and poetry of the original, (2) make quite clear the historical situation which Isaiah had to deal with, (3) so arrange the prophecies that we may have them in their right order and connexion. He submits this book as an attempt to comply with all three requisites, the introduction fulfilling Nos. (2) and (3) and his own translation No. (1). Few books in the Bible can put in a better plea for a careful and loving revision of their text than the Prophecy of Isaiah, both from its intrinsic grandeur and beauty and from the number of errors which have made it in places unintelligible. Whether he agrees or not with Mr. Arnold's conclusions, the reader will find a new meaning, a new beauty, and a new reality in the Prophet as he studies this careful and polished little volume, and he can hardly fail to sympathize with the writer's enthusiasm for his subject.

The Bishop of Bedford's long and varied experience as a clergyman gives him a right to publish a volume on *Pastoral Work*; and he has other qualifications for the task—a nature exceptionally sympathetic, an eager zeal for the good of men, and an infinite capacity for work, have not only widened but have deepened his experience. These high gifts, however necessary for the pastoral office, have their drawbacks as well as their advantages in a writer on the subject. They lift him so far above the average clergyman that they tend sometimes to discourage by an unattainable standard, by representing duties and states of feeling as ordinary, inevitable, and matters of course which to the commonplace curate or incumbent are Utopian, impossible, and hopeless. A good clergyman like the Bishop of Bedford cannot of course help writing as he does; and to read such a man's conceptions of duty must, as a whole, do good to less worthy and less gifted pastors; but the danger alluded to does lurk below, however much it may be outweighed by the good. The volume contains some practical suggestions which have the merit of freshness, and some practical hints about preaching; and, as they are given with the homely simplicity which is part of the charm of the Bishop's character, they are likely to stick in the memory. We refrain from giving extracts, because the book is short and cheap and worth buying. Old clergymen as well as young, especially the young, will find in it some things worth remembering, though they may find some with which they cannot wholly agree, and older men will perhaps find more which they knew before.

Professor Dickson has published his Baird Lectures for 1883, and we venture to presume that publication, as is the case with the Bampton Lectures, was a condition of their delivery, or he would hardly have run the risk of issuing a book so little likely to be sold or read as a learned treatise on such an obscure and difficult subject as he has selected. One of his motives for publishing appears to have been to make his hearers and readers acquainted with the monograph of Dr. Wendt, of Göttingen, on which his own work is largely based, because it seemed to him, "from its special character, little likely to be translated." We fear that we must draw a similar inference with regard to the fate of his own book. He will not lack readers for any want of exhaustiveness, erudition, argumentative skill, or clearness of statement. However little it may be possible to agree with him, it is satisfactory to find a writer laying down his line of argument so clearly at the outset as to say that in every instance of his use of the terms "Flesh" and "Spirit" St. Paul had only one meaning. Readers of Professor Jowett's thoughtful excursus on the same subject will readily understand how soon he comes into conflict with Dr. Dickson, and will be prepared for the difficulties of an exegesis which starts on such a rigid hypothesis. After revising the principal German theories, and selecting hints and passages enough to make his own work, as he calls it, a "mosaic," he lays down the canon of interpretation given above, and proceeds to consider the Old Testament use of the terms, and is then landed in the thick of his argument by comparing and contrasting the usages of the word *πνεῦμα* as applied to God and man. The discussion becomes more complex as it advances. Not only is the precise meaning of the word to be ascertained in each verse, but the relation to it of such other words as *καρδιά*, *ψυχή* and *νοῦς*, sometimes apparently used instead of it; and there is the ever-present difficulty of the genitive case, whether it means "of" or "from" or neither, but is objective, and in no sense progressive. The possibility of endless uncertainty about the meaning of such words is suggested by remembering our Lord's use of *ψυχή* in such a passage as St. Matt. x. 28, and St. Paul's use of *ψυχικόν* as the antithesis of *πνευματικόν*, 1 Cor. xv. 45. But a better notion of the variety of result attained by this treatise, and the number of threads to be unravelled and tracked in arriving at it, will be gained by studying the *Conspectus*, p. 425, which we advise the reader to master before and not after he reads this book. Though it is one which will not attract many readers, there is much in it which will repay study.

An account of a religion professed by 400 millions of the human

race may well claim a place among books of divinity, and Bishop Titcomb's little manual on Buddhism supplies a want without aiming at the completeness of the longer treatises on the subject; it gives in a clear form the main points of likeness and contrast between the religions of the East and West, and while glancing through the volume it is impossible not to be struck by both. Closer inspection reveals that the similarities are, as a rule, superficial, the contrasts essential and deep-rooted. The monastic and sacrificial systems; the duty of fasting; the equality of men in religion; the elevation of women; celibacy; ritual; ordination, remind the reader of some of the elements and some of the excrescences of Christianity; while the impersonality of God, the reservation of Nirvana for the *élite* alone, the practical unbelief of Buddhists in prayer and in the eternity of sentient life, and their pessimism, are negations of the vital forces of the Western creed. On the other hand, Buddhism is honourably distinguished by a pure morality, a refined philosophic system, a catholic benevolence and toleration—that is, when seen at its best, for it has suffered more than Christianity from the process of "accommodation," and Guzerat, Thibet, Nepal, and China have associated or degraded it with metaphysics, or rationalism, or "praying-wheels." If Christianity has also assimilated itself to its surroundings, it has been more by the attempt to raise them to its own level than by deliberate adoption of a lower standard. If it has been able to keep abreast of the progress and civilization of the West, it is because of its differences, and not from its points of resemblance, to the great religion of the East. If it has maintained its ground as the creed of men who guide and rule and move the world, it is because it contains within itself the innate capacity for development which springs from a belief in a personal God, from hope for the human race, and from faith in an endless life—its crucial instances of antagonism to the older creed. All these harmonies and contrasts are clearly brought out by Bishop Titcomb, somewhat coloured, of course, by his faith and his office, but set down in no spirit of unfairness, nor with any want of sympathy with the religion of the millions of human beings by whom he is surrounded.

MODERN HORSEMANSHIP.*

IT must in the first place be freely granted that Mr. Anderson is a master of his subject, a practical and a very accomplished horseman. The fact is obvious from his book, and it has been otherwise demonstrated. A few months ago Mr. Anderson brought to London a very ill-shaped horse, which he exhibited, to a few gentlemen who are known to be interested in horsemanship, as an example of the system. The Duke of Beaufort, whose qualifications as a judge of the horse and his rider will not be doubted, was of the company. It happened that a representative of the *Times* and of an illustrated sporting journal were among the spectators, as was the present writer; and it must be admitted that, on a horse which was understood to have been purposely chosen for its lack of quality and apparent clumsiness—the absence in make and shape of what the school trainer usually regards as essential—a very remarkable exhibition was given. An account of the affair was published in the *Times* and in one or two other journals. Those who saw Mr. Anderson ride were astonished at the docility and apparent intelligence shown by the horse in the hands of his master; but when the accomplished rider publishes a book with the object of propagating his system, it is necessary to pause and consider whether he would lead us. It often happens that a man is mounted by a friend for a casual ride or for a day's hunting. "How did he carry you?" is the owner's question—except, of course, when the animal appears mud-stained, by himself, and the ex-rider arrives later. "Charmingly!" is the common reply. "He is a perfect hack," or hunter, as the case may be. The friend has known next to nothing of the horse; but, if he be a horseman, he has found that the animal was obedient to a light hand on the reins, ready to take a hint, bold but discreet, and that, happy in a perfect understanding of each other, he and his mount have got on admirably. The rider has never heard, or has barely heard, of the piaffer, the croupade, and other school movements; the horse has still less idea that any of his race are given to such extravagances, nothing of which comes within the scope of an ordinary horse's instruction. What, then, has Mr. Anderson to say on behalf of the laborious exercises which he so earnestly recommends, as, it may be added, so many riders and writers have advocated them before him for hundreds of years past? No doubt it is pleasant to see the perfect unanimity which exists between such a rider as Mr. Anderson and his horse, to notice how, with scarcely a motion of the reins, the animal is shown what to do, and to observe the readiness with which he does it. The reins, in fact, according to the author, only form one of the "aids" by which the horse is governed. These direct the forehead. The spurs—always "aids," and never to be regarded as instruments of punishment—direct the hind-quarters. "Each extremity of the horse must be prepared, by the aid that governs it, for every movement of the other; and the force of the forehead and of the hind-quarters must be so collected that they will act together." So says the author. But, all question of aids apart, supposing indeed that the rider

* *Modern Horsemanship: a New Method of Teaching, Riding, and Training by means of Pictures from Life.* By Edward L. Anderson, Author of "How to Ride," "A System of School Training for Horses," &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

does not even wear the spurs here described as being only of secondary importance to the reins, will it not be found that, in the average hack, or in the hack that is something above the average, though he has not been "schooled" as men not connected with training will understand the schooling of horses, the hind-quarters do act with the forehand? This may not be the case to the extent demanded by school riding, but is it not so to all other intents and purposes? One might not be able to make the horse perform the "bolotade" by the reins alone, without the other aids; but is a knowledge of the "bolotade" or the "capriole" (the most vigorous of all school movements, being like a high "bolotade," with the kick from both hind legs delivered with full force) necessary to the man who holds his own in a fast forty minutes over the pastures of High Leicestershire, which is perhaps as good a test of horsemanship as can well be required?

It must by no means be understood that Mr. Anderson's book is being derided. Jumping exercises are part of his scheme; and the man who invites caprioles, and sits them critically, is not to be deterred by those fences which are abhorrent to men who, like many followers of foxhounds, hate jumping. There is much in this not very happily named book—for *Modern Horsemanship* describes an ancient system, with new features, which the author hopes to modernize—worthy of much approval, though at the same time there are some things which suggest a question; and a few rules are so obvious that they might well have been omitted altogether. Of the latter is the direction that, "When a horse rears, the rider should lean forward; but the body should be carried back when the horse kicks or stumbles. If these instructions are borne in mind," the author continues, "the rider will in time bend the body with the motion of the horse without being aware of any mental effort." Quite so. But when a horse stumbles there is rarely time for mental effort, and when he rears, if what may be called the instinct of horsemanship has not momentarily thrown the rider forward, reflection as to what, according to the best authorities, he should do under the circumstances is apt to come to him too late. It is more to the purpose of riding when Mr. Anderson reminds readers that "the rider's aim should be to see with what light touches upon the reins he can control the horse," and his remarks about biting are also shrewd. The snaffle he describes as "an excellent bit for a bad rider, because with it he can do but little harm." The fact might here have been emphasized that sometimes the very easiest of bits will suffice to hold a horse which goes unkindly in a bit that is only moderately severe. In a famous South-country stable, a well-known racehorse, that is not to be held by any of the complex devices which have been invented with the object of stopping horses, can be comfortably ridden in a bit made simply of a piece of leather rolled round and sewn. On the vexed question of lifting horses at their jumps, the author, if we understand him aright, expresses an opinion which is open to argument. "To raise a horse at a jump is a delicate operation," he says, "and the beginner should not attempt it. If the horse be a willing jumper, the play of the bit made to collect its forces will be all that is required, and all that the beginner should attempt. But a horse can be raised to a leap just as it can be raised to perform a pesade or any of the high airs of the *manège*. By an unskilful horseman the animal may be pulled into the obstacle; but that does not prove that the bit has no lifting power." One must differ with caution from such an approved good horseman as the author, but that the bit has any real *lifting* power must be doubted. It gives the horse the hint to lift himself; that it does more than aid him to collect his forces when the rider steadies him as he approaches a fence we are not ready to believe. Nor is Mr. Anderson quite explicit enough in his rules for the treatment of a shying horse. He says, "The rider may induce the horse to pass a stationary object by turning its head away from that which causes it terror and 'traversing' by." This, however, depends upon circumstances. It may be judicious to convince the horse that there is nothing to alarm him in the object from which he has started, and this must be done, not by turning his head away, but by coaxing him to approach it.

But these are everyday affairs, and the principal object Mr. Anderson has in view is to popularize school riding. He maintains that great and unmistakable benefits are to be derived from it, and

the advantage of a good method of training over a crude and improper one may be seen by comparing the carriage, action, and temper of a well-schooled horse with an animal that has been "broken" in the usual manner. The schooled horse, carrying itself in a light and graceful manner, at easy, regular, and controlled paces, will render immediate obedience to every command of its rider. The horse that has not been systematically schooled learns in time to carry its burden more or less awkwardly, depending upon its natural form and balance, in paces which hardly ever equal in grace and smoothness those in which it moved in liberty. If an animal consents to move along in a shambling walk, a disunited trot, and a lumbering gallop, hanging back from the bit or bearing upon the hand, it is as far advanced in its education as the majority of horses ever get.

We do not say that Mr. Anderson over-estimates the perfections of the schooled horse, but does he not somewhat under-estimate the capacity of the horse that has been "broken in the usual manner"? Many horses that have never been schooled certainly move, nevertheless, with lightness and grace, and cannot be properly described as having a shambling walk, or a lumbering gallop; nor do they hang back from the bit or bear on the hand. At the same time, there can be no doubt that a

horse's good qualities are likely to be very greatly enhanced by some schooling (the word is, it need hardly be said, used always in the sense signified by Mr. Anderson, and not as the trainer of steeplechasers would understand it). The author certainly makes a point, too, when he dwells on the fact that with the schooled horse compliance becomes a fixed habit, and the animal is "rendered ready and willing to give prompt obedience to every demand of its master." The author is of opinion—though, with the sterling honesty that is a pleasant feature in the book, he will advance nothing positively of which he has not strong reason to be convinced—that schooling, which has a tendency to strengthen and make pliant joints and muscles, would add to a horse's speed. What he means by schooling he proceeds in the second half of the book to describe in detail, illustrating his descriptions with instantaneous photographs. These are remarkably well done; indeed, considering the circumstances under which they must necessarily have been taken, most of them are wonderfully clear. We have here the "piaffer," the "Spanish trot," the "demi-volte in gallop," the "low pirouette," and other movements; but who wants to accomplish these equestrian feats? They do not come within the scope of amateur horsemanship, and for the ordinary rider we cannot but think that they are a waste of time, more especially as the ordinary rider would probably perform these "high airs" very badly. That a horse is made light in hand by the exercises here shown of suppling the neck and bending the head is readily comprehensible, and some schooling, to the extent, for instance, of making a horse change his lead in the gallop, is also a desirable grace of equestrianism. As for the more intricate matters, it was perhaps well that Mr. Anderson should show what can be done, but he is not sufficiently plain as to the extent to which he would have his pupils follow him. On the whole we are well inclined to go some way with our author as to the good which would arise from the higher schooling of horses; only he shows a disposition, we think, to demand too much. A little schooling is not, like a little learning, a dangerous thing; on the contrary, as is candidly confessed, "a horse may be so highly trained that no one but a rider of the firmest seat and lightest hand can manage it." A rider not thus gifted who suddenly and unwittingly gave the highly-trained horse the signal for the "capriole" would be in an awkward position.

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND PRETTY BOOKS.*

HERE are seven books together, and six of them are printed on hand-made paper and published with rough edges, while *The Home Library* is designed to point out the beauty and value of such trifles, and, without disparaging the insides of books, to make us think as much as possible of the outsides. There were book-fanciers before the Beckford Sale, nay, for that matter, before the Roxburghe Sale; but it cannot be said that until now it was likely to add to the popularity of a book that it should have qualifications calculated to attract the book-hunter. We are conscious of a growth of taste in such matters. For one person who twenty, or even ten, years ago cared for uncut leaves and old-faced type, there are now hundreds, perhaps thousands. The New World, too, with its wealth, is in the markets of the Old; and books made up to please the eye cannot easily be pirated. Mr. "Penn," as he calls himself, thus sets out the maxims on which American book-buyers act:—

Never buy at auction unless you have had an opportunity previously to examine the goods, to see that they have no defects and are in every way in good condition. Remember that the highest priced books are not necessarily the best, or the lowest priced necessarily the cheapest. Choose good type, and good paper, and good ink, even if they cost a little more; it is false economy to spare the pocket and spoil the eyes. A book that is worth buying at all is worth buying in good condition and in a good edition.

With such principles, and an American purse, hundreds of fine libraries are being accumulated, and we of the Old World see the treasures of ages disappearing from our view. It is not, however, a matter for regret. The supply is practically inexhaustible. As fast as one class of books becomes unattainable, another is sought after. Few of us can hope for Mazarine Bibles, Tyndale Testaments, or Valdarfer Boccaccios; but there are many other objects to which we may turn. A few years ago Italian books with woodcuts began to "look up." Next came Early German art. There was a long run upon English Service-books and English Bibles. French vignettes were in the ascendant for a while. Now, perhaps, Bewick and his pupils are the objects of most interest here. In short, there is always something to be collected; and when the prices of one branch of literature have gone up, they somehow never come down again. A few years ago a very handsome Bewick volume might have been thought dear at double the subscription price of a guinea and a half. Now the same volume fetches perhaps twenty pounds. It would be but too easy to

- * *The Bibliographer: a Journal of Book Lore.* London: Stock.
- The Home Library.* By Arthur Penn. New York: Appleton.
- The Marriage Ring.* By Dr. Jeremy Taylor. London: Field & Tuer.
- Jeremy Taylor's Marriage Ring.* Edited by F. B. Money Coutts. Cambridge: Deighton.
- Religio Medici.* By Sir Thomas Browne. Facsimile of the First Edition. London: Stock.
- Sonnets.* By R. E. Egerton Warburton. London: Pickering.
- The Battle Ground of the Eighties.* By Robert Farren. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1884.

multiply examples of this kind; but at present we are occupied rather with new works than with old. One is tempted to inquire if any of these pretty books will live, and in its turn become scarce and valuable on that account. There are many examples in contemporary literature. A copy of the first edition of *John Inglesant* is already at a premium. Mr. Ruskin's early works and Mr. Hamerton's great book on etching are enormously costly. It would be rash to predict such a distinction for all the books before us; but, unless a very large edition has been printed, we might, with some security, prophesy it of Mr. Warburton's *Sonnets*. It is a small quarto, issued in whole calf binding, uncut, but with the top edge gilt. It is printed on hand-made paper. Opposite every leaf of letterpress is a woodcut view from a drawing by Mr. Boot, printed on smooth paper. The cuts represent all kinds of places, waterfalls, lakes, castles, the Bay of Naples, and the Simplon Pass; but the prettiest perhaps illustrates the sonnet called "Home":—

Though mist and darkness wrap our northern grove,
No nightingale to charm the listening ear,
Nor vine-clad hills, nor cloudless moons above,
For such I sigh not; this dark atmosphere
Home gilds and gladdens with the light of love;
There brighter skies, but fonder hearts are here.

The picture represents a brook with a rustic bridge and tall elms on either hand; in the background, engraved with the utmost delicacy and minuteness, is a stately English mansion, with a tower and bay windows and Elizabethan gables. It would be but too easy to linger over this fascinating book. The poetry, though not of a very soaring character, is poetry, not merely verse. Here is a touching allusion to the blindness and bereavement of the venerable poet's later life:—

No rising sunbeam cheers me with its ray,
'Tis as though light had ne'er created been,
As though this world and all that is therein,
Still without form and void, in darkness lay.
One from my side has passed unseen away,
Snatched from this world of darkness and of sin;
My prayer, my hope that I may likewise win
And share with her the light of endless day.

Most of the sonnets have the same undercurrent of religious feeling, and all are equally simple and sweet.

Next in neatness and finish we must notice *The Marriage Ring*, edited by Dr. Kerr for Messrs. Field & Tuer, as a beautiful example of this modern movement. It is bound in boards of delicate dove colour, on which the title appears in red and a gold ring below it. Nothing can be simpler or in better taste. The printing and paper are equally good, and the book is small and light. In these respects it is superior to Mr. Coutts's edition, which is much too large. He has, however, a different purpose in view, as is apparent when we find that, of the 104 pages of which the book consists, 42 are taken up with a dissertation by way of appendix on the "Ethics of Love," and 19 with an article on the "Song of Solomon," by Miss Ellice Hopkins, reprinted from the *Century Magazine*. Both these additions are very readable and interesting, and the notes at the end should prove useful. Strange to say, Mr. Coutts says nothing about Bishop Taylor's connexion with the family of the first Earl of Carbery. Dr. Kerr mentions it, and points out that the volume in which the sermon on marriage appeared was dedicated to the Earl, and was published at the special desire of Lady Carbery. Neither editor mentions a point of some interest—namely, that Francis, Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of Lord Carbery, was the husband of Lady Rachel Wriothesley, who after his death married the ill-fated William, Lord Russell, beheaded in 1683. This very sermon may well have been preached at her first wedding.

Mr. Elliot Stock's reprint of the *Religio Medici* is bound in oak boards very tastefully stamped with a design in relief. The printing is perhaps more rough than it need be, and we cannot help thinking that the art of the "facsimile" may be carried too far. Still, it is interesting to see Sir Thomas Browne's immortal essay as it first appeared. "There were," says Dr. Greenhill, the editor, "several MS. copies of the work, one of which found its way into the hands of a bookseller, who printed and published it in 1642, without the consent or knowledge of the author," who was compelled to issue a second or authorized edition. Mr. Stock has reprinted the pirated version, both because it is the real first, and because it has not been used for later editions, but also because it displays some "personal traits of character" which do not occur in the authorized edition. There were, in fact, two unauthorized editions, both printed by the same bookseller in the same year, which is strong testimony to the immediate popularity of the book. The preface points out some interesting variations between this edition and that authorized by Browne himself. Thus in one place he observes that "I shall injure Truth to say I have no taint or tincture" of heresies, schisms, and errors. In the authorized edition, which presumably, if the manuscript was written in 1635, represents his later and more matured opinion, he expressed himself somewhat differently, and "hoped he should not injure Truth in saying he had no longer any such taint or tincture on him." Dr. Greenhill gives a list of all the alterations, and shows how justly Sir Thomas Browne complained that the book was published not only without his knowledge and consent, but also in a "depraved" and "imperfect" form. The most curious of the "depravations" is at p. 55, where he is made to say that Ptolemy thought the "Alcaran" of the Turks "an ill-composed piece."

The fourth volume of the *Bibliographer* shows no sign of

flagging. It contains articles of interest to a circle of readers far outside that of the bookworm. A series of epitaphs on printers and booksellers is full of curious notes. Unlike some collections of the kind, chapter and verse, or rather place and date, are given for each quotation. The following example may be selected. In the parish church of St. Mary, Bury St. Edmunds, lie the remains of Peter Gedge, the printer and proprietor of a local newspaper. He died in 1818, not a period very remarkable for well-expressed epitaphs. But Peter Gedge's ends thus:—"Like a worn-out type, he is returned to the founder, in the hope of being re-cast in a better and more perfect mould." A series of articles on the "Genevan Bible" is continued and concluded by Mr. Nicholas Pocock; a list of booksellers' signs in London is contributed by Mr. Goodwin, and there are articles on *Chamber's Journal*, on Sir Richard Phillips, on "Sham Titles for Books," on the Librarian's meeting at Liverpool, and the Beckford and other great sales. One of the most curious papers relates to an extraordinary American production, "The Rest of *Don Juan*." It seems that in 1825 Isaac Star Clason published at New York the "Seventeenth and Eighteenth Cantos of *Don Juan*," and that in 1846 "The Rest of *Don Juan*" appeared at New York. It was by Henry Morford, a poet almost unknown even in his own country. Even Allibone does not mention him. In another verse he prophesies his own early death, but Mr. Ashbee in the article before us seems unable to say what was Morford's real fate. On the whole, we may safely recommend the *Bibliographer* to unbiographical readers as containing much amusing matter; while to the collector, fired with the new spirit of the age, it is simply indispensable.

A very pretty book is *The Battle-ground of the Eighties*, which contains a series of etchings of the Thames and Isis, drawn by Mr. Robert Farren, and issued just in time for the boat-race. Some of the pictures are very superior to the others; the best being, perhaps, that of a very familiar, not to say hackneyed, subject, Illey Mill. In one and all Mr. Farren breaks down in the sky. In the view of Grassy the sky appears to be actually falling. It is raining iron railings, which is the more to be regretted as the landscape part of the work is among the most pleasing. Mr. Farren should study Rembrandt and Mr. Haden. As we look back in conclusion over the seven volumes here noticed, the general excellence of material, the neatness and correctness of the printing, and the good taste manifested in the production of popular books at the present day, is a hopeful sign. Even wood engraving, which for awhile seemed asleep or dead, appears to be reviving.

NATIVE LIFE IN TRAVANCORE.*

THOUGH not written with any such purpose, this work comes opportunely to remind us that "nationalities" in India are something very different from what political clubs and fluent English speakers represent them to be. In late acrimonious discussions we have heard of a certain marvellous ethnological unit, termed "the Indian people," which is credited with all sorts of yearnings after independence and self-government, and has been somehow gradually fused and welded out of rather discordant elements into one compact mass. A glance at the chapters on caste in this volume shows that not only have the higher classes in Southern India no sort of intercourse or connexion with their corresponding divisions of society in the central and northern parts of the Empire; but that there are still numbers of inferior castes which, in the author's expressive language, form "a piecemeal and patchwork distribution of mankind of the most singularly complicated pattern." We hear of "degraded," "defective," "intermediate," and "accursed" castes. Some are "delighters in sin"; others are slaves or hunters. None of them intermarry. Some speak a dialect neither Tamil nor Malayalam; and in many the only resembling features are repulsive filth, dense ignorance, and fear or hatred of those above them who wear the sacred cord or belong to the Lunar race. To form a correct idea of the barriers which still divide society both in our own territories and in native States, we ought to picture to ourselves a sort of England in which Saxon, Dane, and Norman had never intermarried or amalgamated in the smallest degree to this hour; in which aboriginal Britons still dwelt on Salisbury Plain and stealthily offered human sacrifices at Stonehenge, while Picts of pure origin were found on the moors of Sutherlandshire, and undiluted Norwegians in the Shetland Isles. We might then be able to judge whether it could be correct to talk of the "Indian people"; and, further, in order to be fair to the Mahomedan population in India in such a comparison, we should have to imagine that a large number of foreigners of the Latin or Celtic race had once conquered all England about the year 1500, had held sway for some few centuries, had then been deprived of their sovereignty, and were now living scattered about our various counties, ready, if occasion offered, to burn down parish churches, to fly at the throats of Norman and Dane, and to make one more throw for empire.

Of course Mr. Mateer never puts forward a moral or political axiom of the above kind. But he has compiled an interesting work out of ample materials collected in a quarter of a century of missionary labour. Gentlemen of his profession are somewhat apt

* *Native Life in Travancore*. By the Rev. Samuel Mateer, F.L.S., of the London Missionary Society, Author of "The Land of Charity" &c. London: Allen & Co.

to view the native world from the pulpit or from the preacher's standpoint, under the shade of the magnificent banyan-tree as it is absurdly called, and to consider the multitudes of a humming bazaar merely as likely or unlikely converts. But it is one merit of this book that it is not one long sermon on the evils of caste, the degrading effects of Brahmanical supremacy, or other stock subject. Here and there we have a chapter or two on the humanizing effects of religious education, and in one in particular we have the results of mission work, with its gradual increase of converts and communicants; but, while there are some remarks which could only proceed from a missionary, there is much that an administrator or statesman may read with profit; and every page attests a knowledge of the native languages, a familiarity with agriculture, manufactures, native modes of thought, and an interest in the advancement of the population, such as we are accustomed to look for in those reports of district officers to whom Mr. Hunter stands indebted for much of his statistical volumes. For be it remembered that Travancore is still under the government of its own Raja, and internally independent. During the wars of Hyder and Tippoo the Raja was our faithful ally. His relations with the British Government were settled by a treaty in 1795, which has practically remained unaltered to our day. The country is believed to be nearly seven thousand square miles in extent, and the revenue to be about half a million of our money. Of the royal family and its peculiar succession according to the Nair custom, from the sovereign to his brothers and then to his sister's sons, Mr. Mateer has something to tell us; but the greater portion of his work is taken up with castes, and the habits and social peculiarities of the masses. The opening chapter is a good specimen of descriptive power. There is no cold season in Travancore. The tropical rains clothe the country with perpetual verdure; there are no hot winds; and in a small compass we have sea-coast and mountain ranges, rivers and lakes, rice-fields and groves of cocoa-nuts, primeval forests and spaces cut out of the jungle and converted into coffee estates. One very peculiar feature of the principality is the series of lagoons or backwaters which begin somewhere to the north of Cochin, and, passing by Alappura and Quilon, reaches as far south as Trevandrum, the capital. Generally a narrow strip of land, as in the case of the Chilika lake in Orissa, separates these natural waterways from the sea; and during the S.W. monsoon we should say that a journey in an unwieldy but comfortable boat is not unattended with danger. But in calm weather this sort of journey, though tedious, is pleasant enough. It is far superior to the palanquin or the bullock cart, as the traveller takes books, stores, and household servants with him, and arrives at his destination as little fatigued as is possible by any mode of travelling where the atmosphere resembles a conservatory. Here and there the lagoons are little inland seas; and the shoals of fish, the flocks of waders and parakeets, the diversities of native craft, the well-supplied bazaars, the ruined forts and the new public offices, make up a picture not exactly to be met with in any other part of India, not even in the central or eastern parts of the Bengal Province. Agriculture in the plains seems very much on a par with that of other localities. The great staples are rice, cocoanut, and the ordinary vegetables. Mr. Mateer talks about the exhaustion of the soil, but admits that in rice lands rotation of crops is impossible. Half a million of acres are devoted to this one crop, and we are glad to hear of an increase in the purchasing and consuming power of the lower castes, who now eat more rice, with fruit or vegetables and other grains. Cocoanut plantations are remunerative, and there is a flourishing export of dried kernels, oil, and coir. But the new industry is coffee. A beginning was made by the late General Cullen when Resident, in 1854, and in the last twenty years the enterprise has been promoted by Christian converts and Ceylon and Scotch planters. An elevation of some 3,000 feet seems best fitted for this experiment; and the returns in one or two places favoured by rich soil washed down into a basin from the surrounding hills, was almost incredible, being at the rate of a ton per acre. This was exceptional, other planters being very fortunate if they could secure three to five hundred-weight on the same area; and very soon the leaf disease began to make its appearance. This visitation took the form of patches of fungus, brown or orange in colour; the berries were empty or light in weight; and these sources of failure and ruin were aggravated by the selection of wrong sites, bad management, and a tropical rainfall. The land was soon exhausted, and the cost of cultivation on the highest estates was estimated at more than one hundred rupees per acre. The roots of the plants were next attacked, and though enterprising men have attempted to make up for losses in coffee by introducing tea and the chinchona, there is quite enough to induce caution on the part of intending purchasers. The satisfactory feature in the case is, that Englishmen have been enabled to spend their money, without special legislation, in a native State. But it would be rash to conclude that many States in India can, in point of enlightened administration and equitable treatment of foreigners, compete with Travancore. Nor was the condition of the masses better here than elsewhere till the appearance of Sir Madhava Rao. In the eighteenth century the Raja of Travancore was a personage of but slightly more importance than some half a dozen others who cut up the state into little principalities. The Brahmans as priests, and the Nairs with their military tenures, had despotic sway over the agricultural castes. Practically the ruling races paid no taxes, like the French aristocracy before 1792. Mahomedan landholders had to pay a succession duty of twenty-five per cent.

Bribery and peculation were the milder forms of misgovernment, the more flagrant being impalement and mutilation for such offences as cow-killing and simple theft. Disabilities in a country of exemptions, privileges, and "anomalous distinctions," press with very little weight on the mass of the community. But some of the degraded castes were not allowed to use the highways, and others could not come within a certain distance of a Nair without danger to his life. Such classes, for purposes of easy recognition, were compelled to go uncovered to the waist. Only kings and nobles might build mansions, and on certain public occasions none but Brahmans might carry umbrellas. Slavery, which had its origin in wars, reprisals, and famines, existed till within the last twenty years; and emancipation was at first successfully impeded by the slave-owners, who spread all kinds of absurd reports and prevented slaves from registering themselves as owners of small reclaimed plots. To this day many remain unaware of their own legal position; and we hear of whole bodies of men who are debarred the use of public ferry-boats and markets, who cannot enter a shop to make a purchase but have to shout outside for what they want, and who may not approach within a certain number of feet of a man of high caste. It is one of the happy results of sound missionary work that the new generation of Pulayars, Kuravars, and Vedars, who probably represent the aborigines, are growing up more cleanly in their habits, less influenced by silly rumours, less given to degrading vices, and more sensible of their duties and rights. Many of the questions arising out of this altered state of things are just touched upon by Mr. Mateer; higher education; the separation of Christians from others in schools; and what he truly designates as the obstructive power of uneducated women. We are glad to see that he does not countenance the notion that women are powerless. In the precincts of the Zenana they are in reality no more slaves than the British matron at the head of her household. True, a Brahmani waits on her husband at meals and eats what he has left; but the female character asserts itself in the East as in the West without open opposition, and we have heard natives of education and ability admit that for domestic tyranny there was no one to compare with the *Ma Thakurini*, or aged mother of Brahmans and Rajas and others. They offer "an irresistible and passive opposition in the limits of their own domain" to anything which they do not approve.

One interesting chapter sums up all the arguments for the retention or abolition of the *kudumi* or topknot of hair, in the case of converts. Is it a badge of superstition and Hinduism, or is it a mere national custom and a pardonable prejudice? If the latter, it might be winked at. If the former, it is, says the preacher, *ense recedendum*, lest the *pars sincera* of conversion should be corrupted. Opinions seem to differ even amongst clerical authorities, and so high a personage as Bishop Caldwell regards it as "a national fashion and a mark of civilization, refinement, and adornment." The Church Missionary Society and that for the Propagation of the Gospel tolerate the *kudumi*. But there is rather a consensus of opinion amongst other missionaries against it as idolatrous. To cut it off is a test of sincerity and a proof of the earnestness of the convert.

It speaks well for pure native administration that in spite of reports and panics, which left old men and children to till the ground and reap the harvest, like Arretium in Macaulay's *Lays*, a census was taken of the population of Travancore in 1871, and again in 1881. Native Christians of various denominations, including Roman Catholics and Syrians, numbered nearly half a million. Advocates of progress can study the chapters which show the very raw material out of which converts have been made. Some of the Pulayars worship the sun, moon, and stars. The dress of the women is long grass and a few beads. Some eat beef and file their front teeth. Drinking and chewing tobacco are common customs. Polygamy here, as elsewhere, depends on the ability to feed more than one wife at a time, and a man may have four wives. A belief in demons and ghosts leads naturally to charms, incantations, and barbarous music. There is a curious sketch of an instrument called a *kokkara*, a kind of iron plate with serrated edges, out of which a pin or spike of the same metal produces a discord which must be truly diabolical, and sufficient to drive any hysterical or weak patient, possessed by a demon, into a confession of any number of sins and payment of fines, taken out at once by the relatives in drink. The Pulayars and Shanars occupy the plains. The hill tribes cultivate patches of forest by the wasteful and reckless process of burning down the timber and moving elsewhere after two or three years' cultivation of one plot. This process in other Presidencies is known as *joom*. One tribe, whom Mr. Mateer calls Mala Arayans, build huts in the forks of trees; but, we gather, more for the purpose of watching their crops and driving away wild beasts than for regular residences. The repulsive custom of polyandry prevails with some of the hillmen, with its usual consequence—a diminution of the population. But the diversities of these castes, with perplexing questions as to their origin and affinities, are too minute for detailed analysis. We have only to add that the narrative is enlivened by some very fair sketches of men and women and rustic scenes, and that, though there is no index, native terms in five or six different dialects are explained in a glossary, and any one musically inclined might find some amusement in attempting to sing or play some eleven Tamil tunes if he could only make out the notes, which, we must admit, is quite beyond our power.

PARROTS IN CAPTIVITY.*

IT is no new thing for human beings to train for their amusement the brilliant shrieking birds that form the family of the *Psittacidae*. We all know the parrot that Horace has immortalized. Martial seems to have kept a bird of the same kind as a stimulus to his loyalty, or at least he pretends to have done so:—

*Psittacus, a vobis aliorum nomina discam;
Hoc didici per me dicere: Caesar, ave!*

But it is from Apuleius that we learn the particulars of Roman parrot-taming. In his book of odds and ends, the *Florida*, he discourses at some length on the nature and habits of parrots. He accounts for their powers of speech by supposing that they have the larynx and the palate broader than other birds, and he says that they can easily be trained to speak so distinctly that it is difficult to believe that it is not a man that is talking. It would have been a treat to hear a Roman parrot say "Quid est?" or "Tolle calices!" These are, doubtless, among the joys reserved for Mrs. Blimber when she succeeds in obtaining that long-desired invitation to stay with Cicero in his Tusculan villa. The parrots of antiquity, however, seem to have been even more insolent than their modern descendants. Apuleius says that, if once a parrot is taught to say naughty words, *convicia*, it will repeat them night and day, and make a song of them, and string them together in a sort of verses. This seems to surpass in devilry anything recorded of the present races of *Psittacidae*, and we cannot but hope that the learned writer exaggerated. He goes on to say that the only way for a decent person to act towards such a bird is to cut out its tongue, or else to banish it into its woods, *in silvas suas*. Of course, if once the latter practice became usual, we can understand that the language of captive Roman parrots would be studiously offensive.

We are, however, doing Mr. Greene an injustice in prefacing an account of his book with a repetition of what the ancients have ignorantly said about parrots. He is exclusively concerned with the actualities of latter-day birds, and inspired by the belief that he has a mission to mankind on their behalf. He thinks that parrots have been grossly misunderstood, and as he is a great lover of this class of winged people, he has come forward in their defence. What he says on this subject is well worthy of the attention of fanciers. His great attack is directed against the practice of depriving parrots of water altogether. It seems that even at the Zoological Gardens some of the poor birds are entirely denied water upon every occasion, and Mr. Greene attributes to this fact the rapid mortality among parrots at Regent's Park. As there is to our knowledge one reverend parrot there whose ticket bears the date 1831 as that of his introduction to the Gardens, we must say of the deprivation of water what the old gentleman said of the use of coffee, that it evidently is not fatal in every case. Mr. Greene, however, brings strong evidence forward to prove that milk is no sort of equivalent for water, and that quantities of soaked bread are no better. His theories are evidently formed upon experience, and they are well worthy of attention, even when the peculiar way in which they are put before us is not the most lucid possible. We must hasten to confess that Mr. Greene does not wield a very elegant pen. Such a sentence as the following leaves something to be desired on the score of perspicuity:—

It stands to reason that a Parrot, especially a young one, taken suddenly away from the crowded cage in the dealer's shop, where the warmth and society of its companions, and often their friendly mouthfuls of food thrust generously into its own, will take cold and mope and pine when placed in a cage, and too often a draught, by itself.

The meaning here is perfectly plain and very praiseworthy, but the style, it will be admitted, is extraordinary.

Mr. Greene covers a certain amount of ground in a desultory way in this volume, but gives us no indication of a guiding plan. He seems to begin with a consideration of Goffin's Cockatoo (*Psittacus Goffini*), simply because he has a strong personal love and admiration for the Goffin. The portrait of this stately creature forms the frontispiece of the volume. He is a very plump bird, of mild expression, and bearing a singular resemblance to Samuel Taylor Coleridge in old age. He is perfectly white, with a touch of salmon-colour in the crest and of saffron in the tail. Mr. Greene speaks of him with great affection, and he flatters himself, he says, that every one who reads what he has to tell about him will sooner or later purchase a specimen. We are not quite sure about this as regards ourselves. His fondest admirer speaks of the Goffin as "an inveterate and earpiercing screamer," and we are afraid that this statement goes a long way to reduce the enthusiasm which we feel for his lovable and teachable qualities, and even for his marvellous power of reproducing "the whimpering of an infant." He is, moreover, so clamorous for potato, that if by any chance he has ever seen a human being eating one, he will yell for the tuber day and night, even though the bottom of his cage be kept strewn with it in its most floury and kidney varieties. We are afraid that if we possessed a Goffin that had ever tasted potato, we should hasten to consign him, as Apuleius suggests, *in silvas suas*.

It is a sad pity that these beautiful birds have so little self-control. What more lovely companion could be conceived than a Leadbeater's Cockatoo, if it would only learn to put a bridle on its tongue! But we know too well what it all means, that

exquisite swan's-down plumage washed with the rose of sunset, that curved and bridling crest, with its bars of amber and crimson, that delicate blushing back and kindling tail. It means a worse noise than ten cats upon a housetop, it means the music of two young pigs being killed all day long in the same enclosure. We are afraid that Mr. Greene, who is probably a man of action, is inclined to underrate the anguish that his pets cause to delicate nerves. We find him saying that the Purple-capped Lory is "a bird to keep in one's study and make a pet of." We dare say! The Purple-Cap is a kind of fiend with a short body, all ablaze with ruby-red and warm amethystine-black, with a crimson beak and a purple top to an extremely saucy head. It is a remarkable mime and a splendid linguist; and, on the whole, if it grows used to you, and finds that you are in the habit of bringing it grapes, it will prove an affectionate companion. But, as a bird to keep in our study, defend us from a creature whose best friend says that "it cries lory and chatters incessantly, in a hollow voice something like that of a man who speaks from his chest." The average person of letters will think twice before he shares his learned retirement with a chattering ventriloquist of this kind.

The illustrations to Mr. Greene's book are very good, and do no more than justice to the splendour of colouring of these birds. If the Rosy Cockatoo, with its magnificent waistcoat of deep peach-blossom colour, were not so common, it would amaze us by its gorgeousness. The Blue Mountain Lory almost abuses its privilege of wearing all the colours of the rainbow, so bright are the ruby of its breast, the deep sapphire of its head, the emerald of its back, the soft gold of its tail. It seems to be a very delicate bird; and Mr. Gedney, a great authority on the *Psittacidae*, says that those who attempt to keep it in confinement must be prepared to expend upon it as much personal attention as is required by a new-born child. The Splendid Parakeet is a bird laid out altogether in a lighter key of colour. Its cheeks and wings are azure, its breast pale rose colour, its under parts clear yellow, and its back grass green. These birds, seen under a sub-tropical sun, flitting in and out of the long coarse grass of the open plains of West Australia, must look like veritable jewels, pretty animated clusters of garnets, turquoise, and turmelines.

There are not very many good stories in Mr. Greene's book. He is too much in earnest to loiter by the way, and pander to our instinct for amusement. He quotes, however, on the authority of Mr. Gedney, a curious instance of enmity between a young Jaque monkey, called Jacko, and a Ring-necked Parroquet, a lovely slim creature, of a grass-green colour, sometimes called an Alexandrine. These two companions shared a room in which there was a knotted rope suspended from the rafter, with a few cross pieces of wood put through the strands, so as to form perches:—

The great fun was to watch her and Jacko in their contests for the upper perch. Polly, having taken her tiffin, was disposed for an afternoon nap, and she accordingly commenced to mount the rope-ladder; but Jacko immediately set up a chatter, savagely showing his teeth meanwhile, and shaking the rope violently to impede the movements of Poll. In spite of this, up she goes steadily, hand over hand, nearer and nearer to the coveted perch, on which sits the monkey in a boiling passion, and trembling with excitement. Holding on by his tail and hind legs, he now attempts to get hold of Poll, but she snaps at his hands right and left, with a rapidity that is perfectly astounding, and presently a shriek of pain announces that her beak has drawn blood, and down drops poor Jacko like a stone, whilst Poll takes quiet possession of the perch, when, after repeating a few self-congratulatory notes, she dozes off as if nothing had happened. Jacko meanwhile sits upon his haunches, examining his bite with a very rueful countenance; but a little petting from me sets him right, and a thorough examination of everything eatable and drinkable having been made, he goes regularly to work to "blow the steam off."

Making the rope-ladder his centre, he performs a series of splendid jumps to it from all the articles of furniture in the room, much to the disgust of Polly, and then, after a headlong rush round the apartment, he bounds up the ladder like a flash of lightning, and makes a grab at Polly's tail, dropping at once to the ground, to escape the consequences of this daring act. The bird, however, was never injured by him in this way, for she watched his every movement; the only time that he ever stole a march upon her was once when she happened to be feeding in the sand-tray immediately beneath the rope-ladder, down which her stealthy enemy slipped like a serpent, and making a snatch, caught her by the base of her tail.

At that moment a well-directed branch of bananas from me hit him in the chest, and down he came, whereupon Poll seized him by the fleshy part of the lower arm and bit it through.

This was a lesson which he never forgot, and although his devilment compelled him to annoy Poll as a source of fun, still he grew to respect, if he did not love her.

In reading the above anecdote our sympathies are all for Polly. The person who deserved to be sent off *in silvas suas* was the tiresome Jacko, who could not understand that an elderly lady requires a nap after her midday meal.

AUSTRALASIA.*

THERE is no very great demand, we fancy, in the home market for books on Australia. The record of our colonies planted

By the long wash of Australasian seas

is honourable and important; but, for some reason or other, perhaps for a variety of reasons, there would seem to be an insuperable difficulty in making it interesting. Macaulay's famous complaint of the indifference shown by his countrymen to the history

* *The High Alps of New Zealand*. By William Spotswood Green, M.A., Member of the English Alpine Club. London: Macmillan & Co.

Port Phillip Settlement. By James Bonwick, F.R.G.S., Author of "Last of the Tasmanians" &c. London: Sampson Low & Co.

* *Parrots in Captivity*. By W. T. Greene. Vol. I. Illustrated with Coloured Plates. London: Bell & Sons.

of their great empire in the East might, with still more reason, be urged to-day in the case of their other empire in the South. It is not, indeed, now with Australia as it was in the days when Sydney Smith could wax eloquent over the natural resources and endowments of a land "that has been able to survive the system of neglect and oppression experienced from the mother-country, and the series of ignorant and absurd Governors that have been selected for the administration of its affairs." No such accusation could be brought against the mother-country now, nor could have been brought, with any show of reason, for many a long year past. But still, people who have travelled among the inhabitants of those parts, or talked much with visitors from them, or studied their Parliamentary and other utterances, must be conscious that even yet there has not wholly passed away from among them a feeling that they and their affairs are not indeed ignored, neglected, or in any way put aside by the authorities, but by the great bulk of their fellow-countrymen over seas are regarded, to say the least, with a good-natured sort of indifference. That it is an indifference more pardonable, or at any rate less culpable, than that other Macaulay deplored, we may fairly plead, for it is one for which the colonists are themselves in some measure responsible. The record of their progress, in its broad aspect, has been one of such uniform prosperity, their conduct has been so blameless.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

We, then, who inhabit this large, restless, quarrelsome old world—we, with so much on our hands to do, and to read, and to talk about, may perhaps be pardoned if, with the natural selfishness of humanity, we are apt a little, in the multiplicity of our own affairs, not to forget, but to put by, those of our countrymen at the antipodes. Again, it must be allowed that they have not always been fortunate in their historians. Those who know the country best from personal experience are not, as a rule, of the stuff out of which historians are made; and if they were, they are probably a great deal too busy making history to find much time to write it. The official handbooks of the various colonies—some of which are quite excellent of their kind, notably those of New Zealand and South Australia—useful as they are for purposes of reference, and ample in all knowledge that can be learned from such sources, are naturally neither of such romantic interest or of such literary charm as to engross the general attention of the public; while the native works, or such, at any rate, as we have ourselves come across, that have been written with these popular designs, have rarely succeeded in fulfilling them, besides being not always quite so trustworthy in points of detail as their more matter-of-fact fellows. On the other hand, the travellers in those parts who have undertaken to tell the results of their travel have also from various causes been less successful than in most others. Australia is a larger country than all people are apt to remember. Now that it has been received into the popular area of travel, it is becoming of course much better known than it was. It has been brought within the range of the tourist, and tourists, as we all know, are very quick to take a very small part of what they see as a sample of the whole—a habit which is nowhere, perhaps, so misleading as in Australia. A fortnight or so in each of the principal cities, a visit to some flourishing "run," a scamper across to Tasmania, and so home, perhaps, by New Zealand, which very possibly means no more than a sojourn of a few hours in harbour while passengers and cargo are shipped from one steamer to the other:—in many, probably in most, cases this forms the sole equipment, so far as personal experience is concerned, of the traveller in Australia for writing a book on the country. It is clear therefore that, however observant he may be, however conscientious, a very great part of his information must be gleaned at second hand. Now Australians, and one can hardly blame them for it, are a little suspicious of "chiefs" who have come among them for the purpose of taking notes. In a new country, a country that is yet only making, it is inevitable that mistakes should be made, inevitable, too, that, even where seen and acknowledged, they cannot all be set right at once. It is only natural that the Australian should prefer that his visitor should not see these mistakes, or, at least, that he should see them with native, and not with alien eyes. No writer was ever more conscientious than Anthony Trollope, and few travellers have been more observant; yet he was not suffered to see everything with his own eyes, or to judge everything with his own judgment. He has written not only the most popular book on our Australian colonies, but the best that has as yet been written; but there is not everything in it that there might have been. Lastly, of a country moving forward so quickly, and on so many lines as Australia, may one not be excused for saying that the time has not quite yet arrived for its history to be seriously written? What the traveller of to-day sees is not what he of yesterday saw, will not be what he of to-morrow shall see. Ere the ink be fairly dry the tale must be re-told. So that our Australian brothers should bear with us if we seem occasionally, in the press of our own affairs, to evince something like an indifference to their literature, and rest assured that it does not spring from any indifference to themselves or their country. That dislike to reading a story "in numbers" which is shared by so many people, is one for which there is a good deal to be said.

The two books we have just been reading, and by which the preceding observations have been inspired, or rather re-awakened, have, in truth, only this in common, that they are both, as one

may say, "on Australia." In all other respects, both in design and execution, they are as far as the poles asunder. Yet they are both interesting, though they will not perhaps both interest equally the same class of readers. Mr. Green's book is indeed as interesting as any record of difficulties overcome by courage and skill that Australian travel has yet produced. It tells how the writer, with two Swiss guides, made the ascent of Mount Cook, the highest peak of the great Southern Alps of New Zealand. Mr. Green, with rare modesty, owns that he did not "set foot on the actual summit," and will willingly, therefore, relinquish any such claims "to the man who passes the point where we turned." But those who read his book will own that he and his two brave Switzers, Boss and Kaufmann, dared all that may become men; and, inasmuch as they left unconquered but thirty out of the 12,349 feet for which the great mountain lifts its head to eternal winter, and turned only when night was closing round them in a blinding storm of wind and hail and snow and mist, the honour he will not claim may fairly be allowed him. The account of the night passed on a narrow ledge of rock 10,000 feet above the sea, and about 5,000 above the line of perpetual snow, where they could neither sit down nor shift from their first position, with a handful of Brand's meat lozenges and their empty pipes to suck at for sustenance, is more than enough to prove that those thirty feet were left unclimbed not from any lack of heart or endurance. Mr. Green tells his story precisely as such stories should be told, in a manly, straightforward way, not without passages of that simple eloquence which the recollection of such scenes will almost always inspire in the heart of every intelligent man. Like that other traveller whose marvellous history we have all been reading, like Arminius Vámbéry, he neither makes light of his adventures nor unduly magnifies the toil and danger of surmounting them. Yet the book must necessarily be one of primary interest to the mountaineer. As a contribution to our knowledge of New Zealand as a home for the superfluous population of the Old World, its value is necessarily slight. The whole time he was able to spare himself was but six months, inclusive of the two voyages, and of this three precious weeks were passed in quarantine at Port Phillip, in consequence of the small-pox having broken out on his steamer off the Cape. All that he could see of the country he saw with clear and intelligent eyes, but it was inevitably little. In his last chapter, however, will be found many useful hints on the class of people for whom New Zealand offers the fairest chances, and how those chances may be turned to the best advantage. One of his suggestions is, we think, a new one, and seems a very sound one. Both from Switzerland and Norway now, as from most other countries of the Old World, the tide of emigration is setting strongly. It mostly sets, of course, towards America; but America, he says, does not suit them well. Why should it not set towards New Zealand? There is a real want there of men capable of herding sheep on the high ranges, and who could do such work better than the mountaineers of Switzerland and Norway? And he is careful to point out, with an eye to the ruling passion, how useful they would be found as guides to "ambitious young New Zealanders, imbued with a healthy admiration of mountain beauty and affected with the desire to explore the wonders of their own icy peaks."

Mr. Bonwick, on the other hand, is Australian to the fingertips; but his Australia is of the past. In his industrious volume will be found collected all the widely-scattered records of that long-doubtful settlement of Port Phillip which has now grown into the large and flourishing colony of Victoria. To the future historian of that colony, or indeed to the future historian of Australasia, such a volume will be of inestimable value. It will not only save him an infinity of trouble, but has preserved for him much curious and useful information, gathered by the writer from his personal acquaintance with many of the chief actors in those early and stirring scenes, which might well have otherwise perished, or, at best, passed into the domain of tradition. Mr. Bonwick has been careful to verify all this information by authentic documents, many of which he prints, and by the official records, from which he gives copious extracts. His book is less a history, as he himself owns, or even a continuous and methodical narrative, than a collection of materials hereafter to be employed on such work. As such it deserves the highest praise, but, also as such, it can hardly be recommended to the reader for amusement, or even to any reader who has not some practical purpose in view. There is one sentence we could have wished away from his otherwise modest and sensible preface. It is perfectly true that "all those associated with Victoria, or who have laboured in any way for the advancement of its interests, must feel proud of the colony in its material and educational progression"; perfectly true, also, that "all the various settlements throughout Australia are now far better fitted for the comfortable homes of Englishmen than at any former period"; or, as he elsewhere puts it, "the Victoria of to-day is as much beyond the Port Phillip of 1835 as the England of our Queen exceeds the Britain of Boadicea." But when we read that "the Britain of the South is healthier, freer, and happier than the Britain of Europe," we are a little inclined to demur. So very broad an assertion savours a little of that practice of "blowing," to use their own vigorous language, to which our brothers of the antipodes, like most young societies, are still somewhat addicted, and through which their utterances on themselves and their affairs are apt to lose a little of their value in stranger ears. However, Mr. Bonwick, of all Australians who have written of their country, is

singularly little of a sinner in this respect; and he has, no doubt, every reason to speak with gratitude of a colony with which he has been so long acquainted, and whose early history he has laboured so hard to preserve.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE greater part of the papers at Chenonceaux were burnt at the Revolution by a too zealous Curé who feared to compromise Madame Dupin and her friends (1). But it seems that at least one portfolio escaped, and M. de Villeneuve-Guibert, a pious great-great-grandson, has published its contents. They were certainly worth publication, and if no one of the documents can be said to be of extraordinary interest, few books of recent appearance contain the work of more distinguished hands. There are letters of Voltaire and of Montesquieu, and of Mably, there are scraps and notes of Rousseau, and there are fragments of many only less interesting people. Perhaps M. de Villeneuve-Guibert might have dispensed himself from heading each section with a more or less elaborate notice of the person by whom its contents were written. For some of us have heard of Voltaire and Montesquieu before, or could at least ascertain the chief events of their lives with the aid of books of reference which are accessible without any very enormous difficulty. But it is an amiable weakness, and in the case of persons like Mairan and Le Cat almost excusable. Some of Mme. Dupin's own reflections are very interesting, and the portrait, after Nattier, which does duty as frontispiece, ought to make the moderately warm-blooded critic fall in love with the book and its subject out of hand. A typical eighteenth-century face, not regularly handsome, but delightfully pretty and amiable and intelligent, and full of readiness to be happy and make others happy, it looks out of the page "as if it would never be old."

We should suggest for M. Bastard's little volume of sketches in pen and pencil the sub-title of *Album de la haine* (2). The reproduced *croquis* from MM. de Neuville and Sergeant are not uninteresting. But the letterpress has more than one fault. It is not drawn up with precision or skill of advocacy enough to make it the indictment against the Germans which its author seems to wish it to be; and, as a mere description, it lacks vigour and picturesqueness.

It is a pity that a man who, like M. Brunetière, unites strong common-sense with not a little acuteness and a great love of literature, should lack the catholicity and subtlety of appreciation which, with the qualities just mentioned, make up the five points of the critic. It is specially a pity, because of the five the two which he has not are by far the most valuable and the rarest. To appreciate what he does not like is, let it be said again and again, the one great note of every critic who can pretend to the first class, and, unluckily, M. Brunetière has it not. He opens the first piece of his present volume (3), an article on M. Lair's *Louise de la Vallière*, with what we can only call a silly fling at editors of early French literature. The fling has absolutely nothing to do with his subject, and simply shows his prejudices. Again, he remarks elsewhere, "On ne saurait presque rien dire de général à l'occasion de *l'ot-bouille* qui ne convienne aux *Fleurs du mal*"; a sentence which is in itself almost final as to his claims as a literary critic in the proper sense of the term. Of yet a third and different kind (though all three are traceable to the same defects) is his remark that Théophile, St.-Evremond, and the other *philosophes* of the seventeenth century are not really precursors of Voltaire, they are disciples of Montaigne; that their voice is an echo, not a harbinger. In fact, the gulf between Montaigne and St.-Evremond is far greater than between St.-Evremond and Voltaire; and after the double Renaissance-Protestant revolution the chain of scepticism is unbroken. But M. Brunetière's exaltation of the *grand siècle* made it necessary for him to ignore this, as it makes it necessary for him to sneer at once at *chansons de gestes* and at nineteenth-century poetry, to couple Corneille himself and Victor Hugo in a single sentence of disapproval. Work done from such a point of view can never be satisfactory, save in parts; though no man of M. Brunetière's ability and learning could write a book which should not be, as this is, in parts satisfactory.

M. Dupin de St.-André's book on "Mexico To-day" (4) records the experiences of a visit made in 1882 after a light, easy, and sufficiently lively fashion. The average French book of travels, of which this is a fair specimen, is shorter than its English analogue; but it is by no means the worse for that. M. Dupin de St.-André did not go very far afield or stay in the country very long. Such differentia as his book has is chiefly given to it by a philological excursus on the indigenous dialects of the country. Like all recent travellers, he urges Europeans to "open up" Mexico.

It is a pity that the accomplished author of *Dosia*, who has learnt many things not ill from English novelists, has also learnt from them one of their worst habits—that of incessant production. It is but a dozen years since no one, save her personal friends, had heard of "Henry Gréville"; now she has more than thirty novels, some of them of considerable length, standing against her

name. Among these *Folle Avoine* (5) will scarcely hold a first place. The theme—the inability of a girl who marries with something more than the ordinary flaccid inclination of the French *ingénue*, wholly to forgive her husband for his post-nuptial escapades—is rather a dangerous one, and the indiscreet fashion in which fathers and mothers-in-law meddle with the pair rather destroys the sympathy which ought to be bestowed on Annie Romanet. We have never read a bad book by Mme. Alice Durand; but, for her, *Folle Avoine* can hardly be called a good one. *Mademoiselle Blaisot* (6) enters the world with such prestige as may belong in these latter days to a novel which has seen its way through the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*. It is a moral book enough, of a somewhat clap-trap kind of morality. The wicked aristocrat is confounded by a virtuous aristocrat—*desdichado*, who is his own son; the army is cried up, there is a little (not too much) *stupidité égalitaire*, a little (also not too much) satire on Legitimists and Clericals, and, in short, all the current cant in France is flattered and echoed in a not too pronounced fashion. It is a pity that M. Uchard, who is a writer of some talent, should condescend to this kind of *rabâchage*. Mme. de Witt's volume of short tales (7) needs no other introduction than the author's name, and is quite worthy of her.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE words "the Early Ancestors of the Prince of Wales" (1) on the title-page of a book leads the reader to expect a learned treatise on German history. It is a subject of which few Englishmen know much, and they would doubtless like to learn something, if it were only told them in an attractive manner. Something is no doubt to be learned from Dr. Taylor, but not nearly so much as his ambitious title would lead us to expect. What he has written is an account of a tour in Germany, intermingled with some rather disjointed notices of the Princes of the House of Wettin. Dr. Taylor says in his preface that he had long felt an interest in these worthies, and at last went on his travels to see the countries they had ruled and fought for. Dr. Taylor is rather inclined to underrate the labours of previous writers in the same field. He tells the story of the Prinzenraub, for instance, as if it were perfectly new; but it is only too obvious from his style that he has made a very careful study of Carlyle's account of that remarkable incident. Indeed Dr. Taylor is continually breaking into Carlylese as it is understood by the imitator. Now the greatest admirers of Carlyle will be the first to agree that nothing in literature is more offensive than imitations of his style. If, however, the reader is content to overlook these backslidings, and not to ask for much coherence in the historical sketches, he will find Dr. Taylor's book fairly readable. His tales of travel are not thrilling, but they are on the whole free from the tourist's worst sin—the perpetual attempt to be funny. The doings of Albert the Unnatural, Frederick the Warlike, Conrad the Great, Otho the Rich, and the other Wettins are a little confused in the telling, but they are highly interesting in themselves.

Mrs. Mary Boole has (2), as our American friends would say, seen Dr. Taylor's title, and gone several degrees better. His is only a little ambitious, but hers passes all understanding. Only the initiated can tell what is meant by "Symbolical Methods of Study." The explanation is certainly not given in the book, which is simply a collection of essays on things in general. We hear at times of "Mr. Bett's theory of counterpart forms," and how "In Boole's logical equation the $i-x$ (or not x , or *polar-opposite of x*) must belong to and be included in the same 'Universe of Thought' as the x itself," but the profane mind is left to find what it all leads to. Perhaps the lady students of Queen's College, London, to whom the book is dedicated, see how it all applies to the character of Portia and M. Renan's Life of Jesus. On these subjects Mrs. Boole is at least intelligible. We observe that she has by no means a high opinion of Portia. She thinks her virtues rather cheap, and that she had no right to talk about mercy in such a superior way after her shockingly callous behaviour to the Prince of Morocco and other unlucky gentlemen. Concerning M. Renan Mrs. Boole can only say through several pages that he is certainly wrong, but that it is very difficult to say why. Probably because he does not thoroughly understand the theory of counterpart forms and the logical equation. A good deal of the book consists of the dark sayings of Mrs. Boole's friends. Thus, under the attractive heading "A Lake of Fire," we get this quotation from Mr. Hinton:—"Throw potassium into water, and it makes a lake of fire for itself." No doubt; but what then?

Punch, that stern censor of morals, has a particular pleasure in reproving the degenerate youth who spends time, care, and money on his dress. "Mashers" get no mervy at his hands. In turning over *Punch* for the last few months one has noticed certain verses which bore an outward resemblance to the metre of *Childe Harold*.

(5) *Folle Avoine*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Mademoiselle Blaisot*. Par Mario Uchard. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Reine et maîtresse*. Par Mme. de Witt. Paris: Hachette.

(1) *An Historical Tour; or, the Early Ancestors of the Prince of Wales of the House of Wettin*. By S. W. Taylor, M.B. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Symbolical Methods of Study*. By Mary Boole. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1884.

(1) *Le portefeuille de Madame Dupin*. Par le comte Gaston de Villeneuve-Guibert. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *La défense de Bazeilles*. Par G. Bastard. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Histoire et littérature*. Par F. Brunetière. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(4) *Le Mexique aujourd'hui*. Par A. Dupin de St.-André. Paris: Plon.

They are now collected in a species of pamphlet (3), and it appears that they contain the history of one Child Chappie, who was an extravagant young fool, and ended badly. Mr. Milliken, the author, is very severe on the vices of our youth, and seems to labour under an impression that debauched imbeciles of tender years are a growth peculiar to this part of the nineteenth century.

Thanks are due to the translator who devotes himself to the prose and not the verse of Heinrich Heine. "I. B.," who has attacked "Buch le Grand" (4), is further entitled to praise for having done his work well. His object, as he modestly says, has been "to give Heine (as far as lay within the translator's power) as he gives himself." In this he has been so far successful that his translation reads easily, and is quite free from German idioms. That is much; but it can perhaps scarcely be called "giving Heine." The English reader who makes his first acquaintance with him in this book is likely to be severely puzzled. "I. B.'s" translation would have been improved if it had contained an introduction.

Our list of handbooks includes the *Victorian Year Book* for 1882-3 (5), a well-printed volume full of useful colonial information; *The Medical Register* (6) and *The Dentist's Register* (7), both useful for reference, and appropriately bound in a gruesome blood-red colour.

A second edition of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa* (8) is appropriately published at the present moment when we are all waiting with anxiety to know what will be the end of the General's second and more perilous adventure in that region. We have also to notice second editions of Mr. Delbos's *Chapters on the Science of Language* (9) and of Mr. Wright's *Anglo-Saxon and Old English Vocabularies* (10), together with a timely new edition of Messrs. Treherne and Goldie's *Record of the University Boat Races* (11), carefully revised and completed to date.

(3) *Child Chappie's Pilgrimage*. By E. J. Milliken. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.

(4) *Ideas "Buch le Grand" of the Reisebilder of Heinrich Heine*, 1826. A translation. By I. B. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

(5) *Victorian Year Book for 1882-3*. Melbourne: John Ferrers. London: George Robertson.

(6) *The Medical Register*, 1884. London: Printed for the General Medical Council. Spottiswoode & Co.

(7) *The Dentist's Register*, 1884. London: Printed for the General Medical Council. Spottiswoode & Co.

(8) *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*, 1874-1879. Edited by G. Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. Second edition. London: Thos. De la Rue & Co. 1884.

(9) *Chapters on the Science of Language*. By Leon Delbos, M.A. Second edition. London: Williams & Norgate. 1884.

(10) *Anglo-Saxon and Old English Vocabularies*. By Thomas Wright, M.A. Edited and collated by R. P. Wulker. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(11) *Record of the University Boat Races*, 1829-1883. By E. G. T. Treherne and J. H. D. Goldie. London: Bickers & Son. 1884.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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